The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 166. Vol. XXVIII. Subscription rate 6s. per annum post free.

JULY, 1905.

Price Sixpence. Published Monthly.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

Much interest has been aroused by the announcement that Messrs. Chatto and Windus will publish on July 12th a novel by Mr. Swinburne, entitled "Love's Cross-Currents." In 1877, in a short-lived periodical called *The Tatler* (Vol. II., August 25th to December 29th), appeared a novel by Mr. Swinburne, called "A Year's Letters. By Mrs. Horace Manners." This consisted of thirty chapters, a lengthy prologue, and an ironical prefatory letter. Is it possible that the forthcoming novel is the Letters of Mrs. Manners revised?

Mr. J. A. Steuart has completed a new novel, dealing with the fortunes of Montrose. It will be published early in autumn under the title, "The Red Reaper."

Peter Rosegger's remarkable story based on the life of Christ, which has attracted great attention in Germany, will be issued this autumn by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. The English translation has been prepared by Miss Elizabeth Lee. "I. N. R. I.," the striking title of the original, will be retained as the name.

Mr. Neil Munro is at work on a new novel, which is to appear in *Blackwood's Magazine* on the completion of the present serial, "Richard Hartley, Prospector," by Mr. Douglas Blackburn.

A new novel by "Wymond Carey," a *nom de plume* which, we believe, conceals the identity of a well-known Oxford Don, is to run as a serial in the *Sphere* from July to December. It is entitled "No. 101."

Mr. Coulson Kernahan's new book, "The World without a Child," will be issued early in autumn by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

The Matriculation Roll of the University of St. Andrews, from 1411 to 1897, which has been edited by Mr. J. Maitland Anderson, will be ready for publication shortly.

It is announced that Mrs. Hubbard, the wife of the ill-fated explorer, has decided to form one of an expedition to Labrador, in the hope of completing the work on which her husband was engaged at the time of his death. Mr. Dillon Wallace, who shared Mr. Hubbard's journey, and who has described it in "The Lure of the Labrador Wild," the most thrilling of all recent books of travel, is also proceeding to Labrador on the same quest. Only those who have read the story of his former sufferings can realise the courage that inspires this resolution.

In the excellent series of "Oxford Editions" of standard English works, Mr. Henry Frowde intends to include a number of illustrated books. The first of them will be Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare," with illustrations from the Boydell Gallery, and Grimm's Tales, with Cruikshank's pictures.

It is not often that a work of popular scientific exposition has proved so fortunate in the moment of its appearance as Professor R. K. Duncan's recently published volume, "The New Knowledge." As if by prearrangement, it appeared at the exact moment to answer the general desire for accurate and yet popular information regarding the properties of radium, which

Arco Della Conca, Perugia.

From "Pictures in Umbria," by K. S. and T. R. Macquoid.
(Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. T. Werner Laurie.)

has been aroused by Mr. Burke's remarkable experiments in Cambridge, respecting the perennial problem of the origin of life. Professor Duncan's book, while its popularity is certain to benefit enormously from this concatenation of circumstances, would doubtless have made its way by force of merit. Many eminent scientific authorities have declared it the best work of its kind ever published.

Many requests reach THE BOOKMAN from time to time, as doubtless they reach every literary periodical, for information regarding the value of particular books. Needless to say, only the very amateur collector is ignorant of the indispensable work of reference, "Book-Prices Current," which has now reached its eighteenth annual issue.

The only drawback to the usefulness of "Book-Prices Current" is its encyclopædic fulness and magnitude. It is not an easy undertaking to trace the fluctuations in the value of a book through eighteen volumes. Mr. Livingstone, an eminent American bibliographer, has provided a much-felt want in his Auction Prices of Books, the first of the four volumes of which has been published in this country by Mr. Elliot Stock.

Mr. Livingstone's work is essentially an epitome of the great English annual. But it incorporates also the ten years' records of the American "Book-Prices Current," and thousands of auction quotations of a date earlier than either of these books. The work, when complete, will contain about 100,000 records, referring to some 20,000 different books and editions. Nothing need be said further to indicate the great value of this splendid work, and no one eager to sell a supposed treasure has any excuse now for encroaching on the leisure of willing, but not omniscient editors.

Very few University societies have a history so distinguished as the Edinburgh "Speculative," the story of which, extending over a hundred and forty years, has been published by Messrs. T. and A. Constable. Its roll includes Scott, Lockhart, Wilson, Aytoun. Its meeting-place provides a scene for "Weir of Hermiston." But all our older universities, English, Scotch and Irish, have records of distinguished literary societies, full of interesting references to men who lived to be famous. In capable hands a selection from this material could be formed into an interesting and very valuable work. No single Society, perhaps, quite justifies separate treatment. It is only from a very large dish of this kind that we can hope to skim a little cream.

We understand that Mr. C. K. Shorter has now virtually completed his volume on Charlotte Brontë, which will be the next issue in the Literary Lives Series.

"The Claim Jumpers" is the title of a new novel by Edward Stewart White, which will be published early in autumn.

We congratulate Edinburgh and Mr. Alexander Anderson on the appointment of the new University

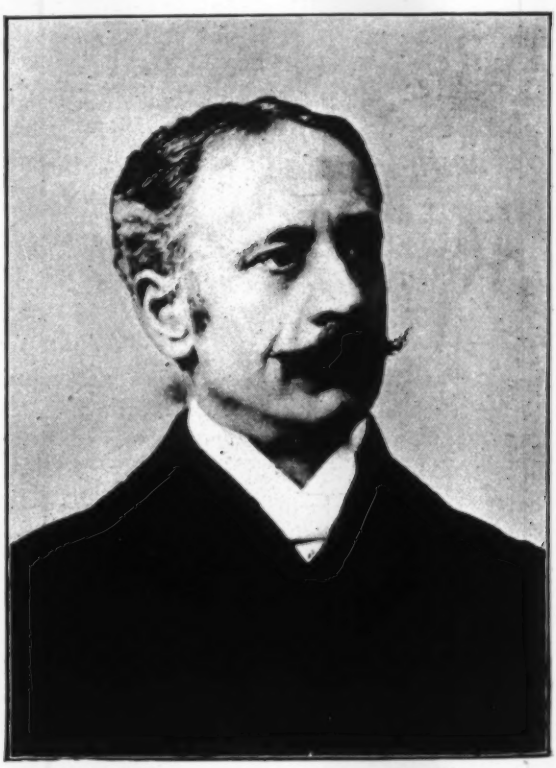


Photo Elliott & Fry. **Dr. Momerie.**

librarian. Mr. Anderson's nineteen years' experience as assistant-librarian is a certain guarantee of his fitness to fill this important post. His career is one of the many Scottish romances of "self-help." He began the battle of life as a quarryman. For seventeen years he was a surfaceman on the Glasgow and South-Western Railway. Everyone is familiar with the fact that "Surfaceman" in time became the well-known signature of many tender and charming poems. Hence followed his connection with the University which has now honoured itself in his well-earned promotion.

We understand that Mr. John Long has made arrangements for the publication of all subsequent work by Mr. Nat Gould.

Few reference books are more often consulted by writers of all degrees than Poole's "Index to Periodical Literature." A supplement to this invaluable aid to the journalist will be issued immediately, embracing the years 1899-1904.

Among those who sailed on the yachts in the recent ocean race was Mr. James B. Connolly, the author of "The Seiners," whose new study of the coast, "On Tybee Knoll," has just been published in America. Mr. Connolly had two reasons for sailing in the ocean race on the "Fleur de Lys." One was the interest which attaches to the smallest boat in the fleet, and the other was the opportunity which the voyage gave him to study the most famous of his own Gloucester heroes. "Tommy" Bohlin, who sailed the "Fleur de Lys," is a famous skipper "out of Gloucester," made more famous in literature as the original of Mr. Connolly's "Tommy Ohlsen," the fisherman, who made the record-breaking trip across the Atlantic, described by Mr. Connolly in "Tommy Ohlsen's Western Passage."

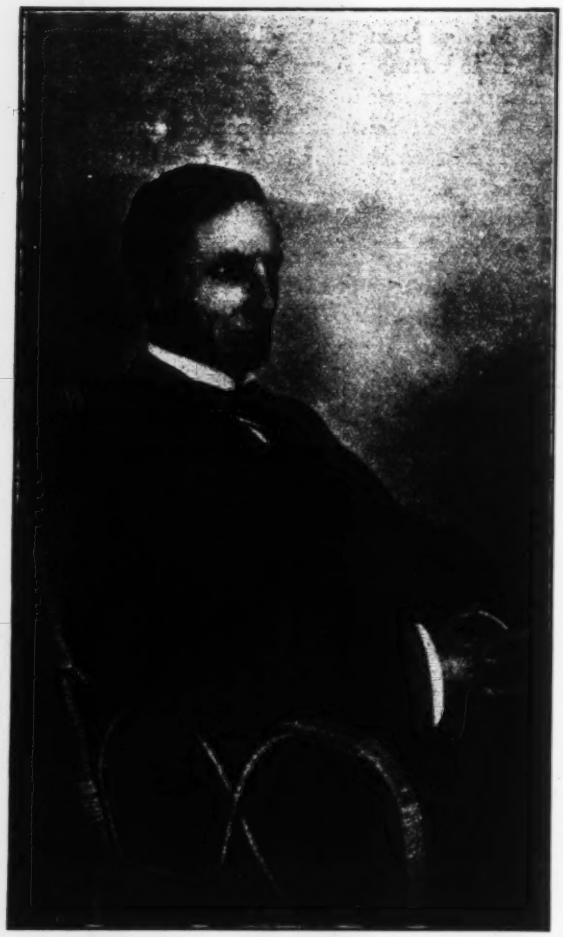
The central figure in Mr. Leroy Scott's novel, "The Walking Delegate," which was issued a few days ago by Mr. Heinemann, has not unnaturally been identified by many with the notorious Sam Parks, the story of whose downfall is still well remembered by English readers. Mr. Scott, in a letter to his publishers, explains that "with one or two exceptions, and those very subordinate, the incidents in which Foley figures are not taken from Parks' life; and as for character, I think that after their similarity in ruthless power has been recorded, likeness between the two ends. I never spoke to Parks, and never saw him but once, and that after he had fallen from his high estate—at his trial, when he was only a death-marked remnant of his brutal prime."

Mr. Richard Bell, of Castle Oer, a Dumfries-shire laird, whose hobby has been to keep a private menagerie, has written his reminiscences as a naturalist. The book will be published by Messrs. Blackwood. Mr. Bell has been a close observer through life, and his notes on the various strange animals which he has kept from time to time, are all first hand. In addition, the work contains some personal recollections of Mr. Frank Buckland and other eminent naturalists, Professor John Wilson (Christopher North), and Professor Aytoun.

The taste for gardening and "out-of-door" books, which for some years has been so prominent a feature in English publishing, has now spread to America. From all quarters we hear of the successful launching of gardening libraries and handbooks and periodicals. No doubt such works are rightly to be regarded as indispensable for the cult of the simple life.

The story of the first white man to cross the American continent, told by himself, is to appear shortly in a new translation of "The Journey of Alvar Nunez Cabeza de Vaca, from Florida to the Pacific, 1528-1536." The translation, made by Mrs. Fanny Bandelier, after a careful collation of the earliest original Spanish editions, is edited and introduced by the distinguished archæologist, Ad. F. Bandelier, and is to appear in the successful "Trail-Makers" library under the consulting editorship of Prof. J. B. McMaster, published by A. S. Barnes and Co., New York. The volume will also contain the report of Father Marcos of Nizza, the first explorer of New Mexico, whose journey came between Cabeza de Vaca and Coronado, and there will be a map indicating the probable routes of both of these Spanish pioneers. With the addition of these narratives in a definitive edition to the narra-

Photo Russell & Sons. **Mr. L. S. Amery.**
Editor of the "Times History of the War in South Africa."



Mr. Henry Newbolt.
Author of "The Year of Trafalgar."

tives of Coronado and De Soto, recently published, the Trail-Makers library will offer the original histories of the greatest Spanish explorations within the United States.

The next item—and one of fascinating interest—in the literature of the Trafalgar centenary, will be the Letters of Nelson to Lady Hamilton, which the Library Press is to issue immediately under the editorship of Mr. Douglas Sladen.

In presenting to our readers an interesting collection of illustrations bearing on the life and work of Mr. Bernard Shaw, we have to acknowledge the courtesy of Mr. Will Rothenstein, who has permitted us to use a drawing, and of Miss Bertha Newcome, a painting of whose we reproduce. To Miss Florence Farr we are obliged for the liberty to reproduce a poster by Mr. Aubrey Beardsley.

We have also to express our indebtedness to Mr. Max Beerbohm for permission to use a number of his caricatures.

For other interesting portraits of Mr. Shaw we are obliged to Mr. Furley Lewis, Mr. Frederick H. Evans, and Miss Helen McCaul.

Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

(1) ENGLAND.

May 20th to June 20th, 1905.

The Whitsun holiday has materially affected a portion of the past month, and this, in conjunction with the already existing slackness, has caused the whole trade transactions for the period under review to be of but limited dimensions; indeed, the bulk of the sales have been in cheap, and above all, light literature, and at no time has there been any sign of briskness.

The output of 6s. fiction has lessened considerably, and few items of any importance have appeared. The most prominent of recent issues have been "Maid Margaret of Galloway," "Stingaree," "The Dark Lantern," and "Who Giveth this Woman?" A certain redeeming feature in this line is the continued popularity of many of the earlier works, which have continued steadily to be in request, and have thus effectively raised the sales of the month to a level somewhat above actual dulness.

The May meetings have apparently caused an increased impetus in the sale of several of the more popular religious works.

"The Fall of Tsardom," by Carl Joubert, was certain of an amount of success, but the sales have not been so free as in the case of his previous volumes, "The Truth about the Tsar," and "Russia as she really is." "Russia under the Great Shadow," by L. Villari, and "Empire of the East," by Bennet Burleigh, have both attracted a number of purchasers.

In Biography, "G. F. Watts: Reminiscences," by Mrs. Russell Barrington; "James Watt," by Andrew Carnegie; "Chatham," by F. Harrison, and "Florence Nightingale," by Sarah Tooley, have proved the foremost items.

At 3s. 6s. "Mop Fair," by A. M. Binstead, has continued to be in constant request.

It is also to be noted that "Sandy" has been much occupied during the past month in forming new acquaintances, and in a very material sense enlarging his already extensive circle of admirers.

The cause of charity is singularly fortunate in the fresh issue of "Printers' Pie," for, judging from the ordinary experience of human nature, it is evident that a considerable amount of intrinsic worth attaches to the production itself, which can prove so effective in drawing such a number of shillings from the pockets of the public.

"By kind permission of the *Daily Mail*," a small volume of humorous sketches entitled "Smithy," by the facile pen of Mr. Edgar Wallace, has caught on well, and a large number have readily been disposed of.

Several of the volumes from the pen of Charles Wagner have been much in request, notably his "Simple Life."

"Canada as it is," by J. F. Fraser, and "Heretics," by G. K. Chesterton, have also sold freely.

Sixpenny reprints are again asserting themselves as the holiday season approaches, and whilst the market is undoubtedly largely overstocked, the immediate

response to the appearance of several recent issues has fully justified their production. "The Velvet Glove," and "In Kedar's Tents," both by H. S. Merriman, together with "The Manxman," by Hall Caine, have been especial favourites, whilst the "Life of Father Dolling" has sold readily.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand throughout the past month :—

Six Shilling Novels.

The Dark Lantern. By Elizabeth Robins. (Heinemann.)
Fond Adventures. By Maurice Hewlett. (Macmillan.)
Maid Margaret of Galloway. By S. R. Crockett. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The House of Merrilees. By A. Marshall. (Alston Rivers.)
Who Giveth this Woman? By Wm. Le Queux. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Marriage of William Ashe. By Mrs. H. Ward. (Smith, Elder.)
Heart of Wales. By Allen Raine. (Hutchinson.)
Wise Woods. By Sarah Dudeney. (Heinemann.)
Stingaree. By E. W. Hornung. (Chatto and Windus.)
Queer Lady Judas. By Rita. (Hutchinson.)
The Flute of Pan. By J. O. Hobbes. (Unwin.)
Dorset Dear. By M. E. Francis. (Longmans.)

Sandy. By Alice Hegan Rice. 5s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Mop Fair. By A. M. Binstead. 3s. 6d. (Greening.)
The Fall of Tsardom. By Carl Joubert. 7s. 6d. (Nash.)
Russia Under the Great Shadow. By L. Villari. 10s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)
Empire of the East. By Bennet Burleigh. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)
From Tokio to Tiflis. By F. A. Mackenzie. 7s. 6d. net. (Hurst and Blackett.)
Watts (G. F.) Reminiscences. By Mrs. R. Barrington. 21s. net. (G. Allen.)
Printers' Pie. 1s. net. (Spottiswoode.)
The Simple Life. By C. Wagner. 1s. net. (Isbister.)
Canada as it is. By J. F. Fraser. 6s. (Cassell.)
Heretics. By G. K. Chesterton. 5s. net. (Lane.)
Smithy. By Edgar Wallace. 1s. (Tallis Press.)
James Watt. By A. Carnegie. 1s. 6d. net. (Oliphant.)
Various Volumes in Pocket Libraries.
Sixpenny Reprints.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
May 27—A slightly increased demand.
June 3—Slackness prevails.
" 10—Quiet in all departments.
" 17—Home trade quiet. Export brisker.

(2) SCOTLAND.

MAY 20TH TO JUNE 20TH, 1905.

The season of the year has much to do with the nature of the books most in demand, and this is specially noticeable in summer trade. Fiction easily claims the foremost place, and the six-shilling novel, with its repetition in sixpenny form, bulked conspicuously in the general trade of the month now under review.

The most popular six-shilling novel was Mr. Crockett's "Maid Margaret." His return to the scenes of his former successes in Grey Galloway had a special charm to all lovers of the historical novel. Other books in frequent request were "Rose of the World," by A. and E. Castle; "The Hill," by H. Vachell; "Sins of the City," by Wm. Le Queux; and "The Return of Sherlock Holmes," by Conan Doyle.

Every bookseller, particularly those in summer resorts, realised the necessity of placing good orders for Sixpenny Reprints, and the books handled in largest numbers in this form were: "Fuel of Fire," by E. T. Fowler; "God's Prisoner," by J. Oxenham; "In Kedar's Tents," by H. S. Merriman; "The Man from Downing Street," by Wm. Le Queux; "Mollie's Prince," by Rose N. Carey; "The Sowers," by H. S. Merriman; "The Terrible Czar," by Count Tolstoi; and "A Welsh Witch," by Allen Raine.

One of the most authoritative books on the popular game of golf was Varden's "Complete Golfer," of which many copies were readily sold, and the appearance of "The Golfer's Year Book for 1905," edited by John L. Low, was felt to be a reliable and up-to-date handbook on all matters of golfing interest.

A steady sale was found for Sir Frederick Treves' "Other Side of the Lantern," and although little interest was shown generally in war literature, Joubert's latest book, entitled "The Fall of Tsardom," and "The Coming Power," by M. J. McCarthy, were the leading books on the future of Russia and Japan respectively.

"The Simple Life," by C. Wagner, and "When it was Dark," by Guy Thorne, at the popular price of one shilling, continued to sell freely; and the cheap edition of "The Storm of London," one of the leading six-shilling novels of last season, also proved successful.

As usual, considerable business was done in School Prizes and Juvenile Gift Books as educational establishments completed their term, and anything dealing with nature study, such as Mr. Step's "Wayside and Woodland Blossoms," and Gowan's Nature Books, was in

From "The Poems of Ernest Dowson." **Ernest Dowson.**
(Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. John Lane.)

ready demand, proving that now class books had been laid aside outdoor observation claimed the student.

Magazine sales showed considerable improvement, chiefly owing to increased railway travelling, and every publication specially provided for the tourist was conspicuous in business done.

The following is a list of our best-selling books :—

Miscellaneous.

The Complete Golfer. By H. Varden. 12s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)
The Other Side of the Lantern. By Sir F. Treves. 12s. net. (Cassell.)
The Fall of Tsardom. By C. Joubert. 7s. 6d. (Nash.)
The Simple Life. By C. Wagner. 1s. net. (Isbister.)
The Walk, Conversation, and Character of Jesus. By Dr. Whyte. 6s. (Oliphant.)
When it was Dark. By Guy Thorne. 1s. (Greening.)
Mop Fair. By A. M. Binstead. 3s. 6d. (Sands.)
Free Opinions. By Marie Corelli. 6s. (Constable.)
The Coming Power. By M. J. McCarthy. 6s. (Hodder.)
Wayside and Woodland Blossoms. By E. Step. 6s. net. (Warne.)
Printers' Pie. Edited by W. H. Spottiswoode. 1s. net.
Nelson's Sixpenny Classics.
Gowan's Nature Books. 6d. net.

Six Shilling Novels.

Maid Margaret. By S. R. Crockett. (Hodder.)
Rose of the World. By A. and E. Castle. (Smith, Elder.)
The Hill. By H. Vachell. (Murray.)
Sins of the City. By Wm. Le Queux. (White.)
Return of Sherlock Holmes. By A. Conan Doyle. (Newnes.)
The Marriage of William Ashe. By Mrs. H. Ward. (Smith, Elder.)
Stingaree. By E. W. Hornung. (Chatto.)
Friendships of Veronica. By Thos. Cobb. (Rivers.)
Just as it Was. By J. Strange Winter. (White.)
Heart of Wales. By Allen Raine. (Hutchinson.)
Mid the Thick Arrows. By Max Pemberton. (Hodder.)
Dorothy Tuke. By E. Downey. (Hurst and Blackett.)

The Booksellers' Diary.

JULY 5—AUGUST 5.

PUBLICATION DATES OF SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

July 5th.

LONDON, JACK.—The Game, 6s. ..... (Heinemann)

July 6th.

STEVENSON, R. L.—Tales and Fantasies, 6s. (Chatto and Windus)
MARRIOTT, CHARLES.—Mrs. Alemere's Elopement, 6s. (Nash)

July 7th.

THORNE, GUY.—A Lost Cause, 6s. ..... (John Long)

July 12th.

COLE, REX, V.—British Trees. Illustrated. (Fortnightly). 1s. each part ..... (Hutchinson)

July 14th.

SMOLLETT, T.—Sir Launcelot Greaves and the Adventures of an Atom. Classic Novels Series. 1s. 6d. net (Hutchinson)
"ANON."—The Mother Light, 6s. ..... (Hutchinson)
SYNGE, M. B.—The World's Childhood, 10d. ..... (Blackwood)

July 15th.

HUME, FERGUS.—The Opal Serpent, 6s. ..... (John Long)

July 25th.

PORTMAN, LIONEL.—Hugh Kendal: A Public School Story, 6s. ..... (Alston Rivers)

During the Month, Dates not Fixed.

SWINBURNE, A. C.—Love's Cross-Currents, 6s. ..... (Chatto)
HOUSMAN, A. E.—Juvenal ..... (Grant Richards)
BRADLEY, HENRY.—Oxford English Dictionary. Vol. VI. (Madragora-matter) ..... (Clarendon Press)
NAPIER OF MAGDALA, LADY.—As the Sparks Fly Upward, 6s. ..... (Drane)
WHITHAM, REV. A. R.—The Faith of the Church, the Witness of the Three Creeds ..... (Rivington)
FAVANCE, ERNEST.—The Voices of the Desert (Elliot Stock)
DREW, CYRIL M.—The Dawn of Peace ..... (Elliot Stock)
HOOKER, J. STENSON.—The Letters of Little Mary (Jarrold)
BELLAMY, FRANCIS.—Presidents of the United States in the Century. From Jefferson to Fillmore. 5s. net (Chambers)
WOOLLEY, J. G., and W. E. JOHNSON.—Temperance Progress of the Century, 5s. net ..... (Chambers)
REYNOLDS, MRS. BAILEY.—The Man who Won, 6s. (Hutchinson)
QUEUX, W. LE.—The Confessions of a Lady's Man, 6s. (Hutchinson)
ADAMS FREDERICK U.—John Henry Smith: A Golfing Romance. 6s. ..... (Hutchinson)
BROOKE, LORD LEOPOLD.—An Eye-Witness in Manchuria (Nash)
SPARROW, WALTER S.—Etchings by Vandyck. Art and Life Monographs. 6s. net to 3 gns. net (Hodder and Stoughton)
SPARROW, WALTER S.—In the Open Country: The Work of Lucy E. Kemp-Welch. 6s. net to 1 guinea net (Hodder and Stoughton)
SLADEN, DOUGLAS.—Nelson's Letters to Lady Hamilton, 2s. 6d. net ..... (The Library Press)
LAMB, CHARLES.—Tales from Shakespeare. Standard Oxford Edition. ..... (Frowde)
TYNAN, KATHARINE.—Fortune's Favourite, 6s. .... (White)
TRACY, LOUIS.—The King's Messenger, 6s. ..... (White)
MOFFAT, JAMES.—Harnack's "Expansion of Christianity." Vol. II. ..... (Norgate)
SIDGWICK, HENRY.—The Philosophy of Kant, and other Lectures ..... (Macmillan)
CUST, R. H. H.—Giovanni Antonio Bazzi ..... (Murray)
HEWLETT, MAURICE.—The Fool Errant: or The Pilgrim in Tuscany. 6s. ..... (Heinemann)
BENSON, E. F.—The Image in the Sand, 6s. ..... (Heinemann)
JACKSON, C. J.—History of English Goldsmiths (Macmillan)
KONODY, P. G.—Florence. From the Italian of Signor Philippi (Grevel)
PALMER, W. T.—The English Lakes. Illustrated by A. Heaton Cooper. 20s. ..... (Black)
LUTZOW, COUNT.—Comenius's "Labyrinth of the Soul." Temple Classics. ..... (Dent)
RAPPOPORT, PROFESSOR.—Russian History. Temple Primers. 1s. ..... (Dent)
BROWN, HORATIO.—In and Around Venice ..... (Rivington)
PAYN, F. W.—Lifting the Veil, 6d. ..... (John Long)
CLEEVE, LUCAS.—St. Elizabeth of London, 6s. (John Long)
APPLETON, G. W.—The Rook's Nest, 6s. ..... (John Long)
TYTLER, SARAH.—A Daughter of the Manse, 6s. (John Long)
SHEPPARD, W. J.—The Tenderfoot, 6s. ..... (John Long)
HUGHES-GIBB, MRS.—The Soul of a Villain, 6s. (John Long)
GOULD, NAT.—The Selling Plater, 2s. ..... (John Long)
CROSLAND, T. W. H.—The Suburbans, 5s. ..... (John Long)
BRENTFORDE, G. G.—Prince and Tom, 3s. 6d. (John Long)
"RANGER, CONNAUGHT."—Flashes from Cape Diamonds, 3s. 6d. ..... (John Long)
GUBBINS, NATHANIEL.—Told in Tatt's, 2s. ... (John Long)
GUBBINS, NATHANIEL.—First Favourites, 2s. ... (John Long)
SCHOLES, T. E. S.—Glimpses of the Ages, 12s. net (John Long)
FOSTER, R. H.—In Old Northumbria, 3s. 6d. net (John Long)
Carlton Classics. Various volumes. 3d. to 1s. net (John Long)

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

JULY, 1905.

THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

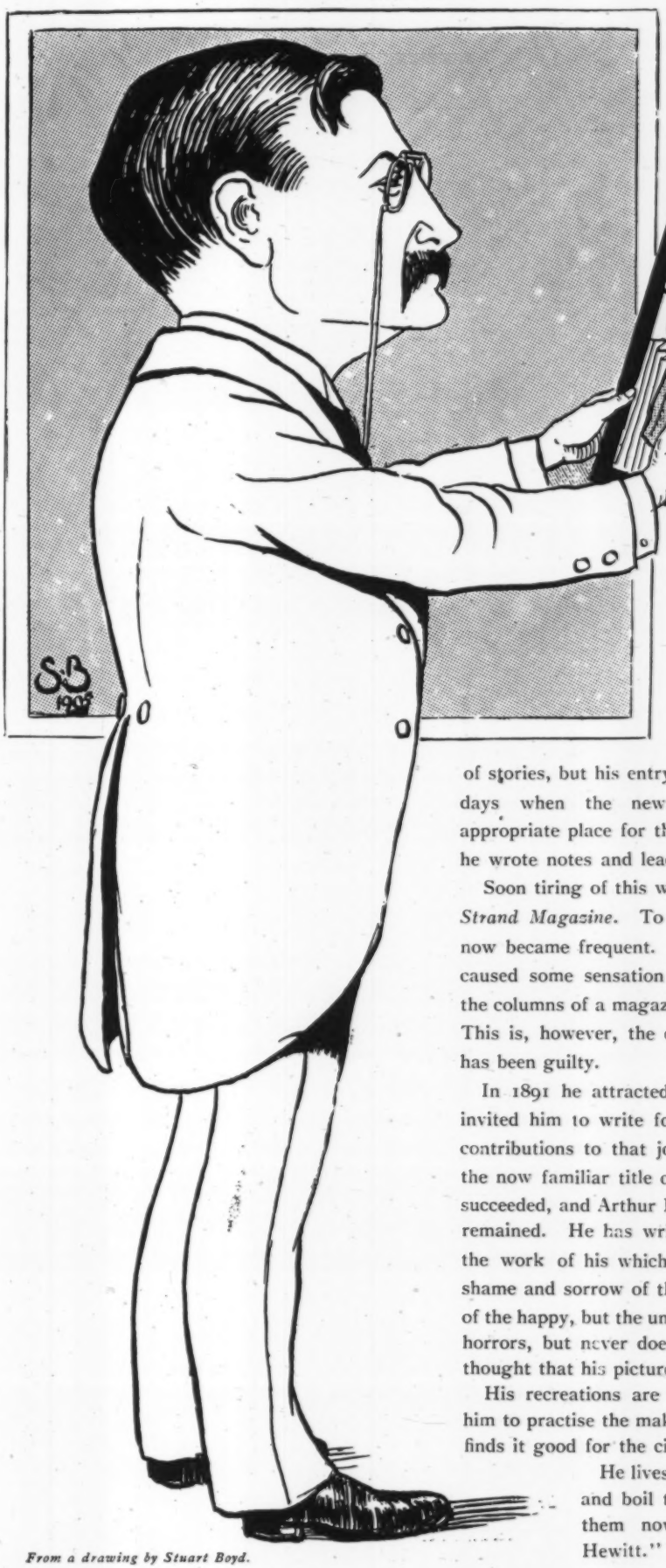
NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

In future all criticisms of MSS. will be posted direct to the authors as soon as possible after receipt. Two coupons cut from current numbers of "The Bookman" (see below), together with a stamped addressed envelope, must be enclosed with each MS.

All communications must be addressed to the
Editor of the Young Authors' Page,
"Bookman" Office,
27, Paternoster Row, London.

Terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application. Every endeavour will be made to return MSS., but should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.



From a drawing by Stuart Boyd.

ARTHUR MORRISON.

ARTHUR MORRISON. Born 1863. He is understood to be the favourite novelist of the Prince of Wales, and he himself owns to a weakness for "royalties." He began life as a secretary, thus at once emerging as a man of letters. The secretaryship, which was connected with an old charity, gave him much work in the East End, and upon the experience which he there gained he was afterwards able to draw for literary purposes.

Five years later he took to journalism, joining the staff of an evening paper. He had already made some name for himself as a writer of stories, but his entry into Fleet Street took place before the days when the news-editor's chair was considered the appropriate place for the clever writer of fiction. Accordingly he wrote notes and leaders.

Soon tiring of this work, he passed from Fleet Street to the *Strand Magazine*. To the Newnes monthly his contributions now became frequent. About this time it is recorded that he caused some sensation amongst spiritualists by inventing, in the columns of a magazine, a "legend" about an Essex ghost. This is, however, the only form of "ghosting" of which he has been guilty.

In 1891 he attracted the attention of W. E. Henley, who invited him to write for the *National Observer*. In 1894 his contributions to that journal were reprinted and issued under the now familiar title of "Tales of Mean Streets." The book succeeded, and Arthur Morrison "arrived." Since then he has remained. He has written detective stories and the like, but the work of his which counts is that which depicts for us the shame and sorrow of the little squalid streets. He writes, not of the happy, but the unhappy mean. Often he makes us behold horrors, but never does he let us escape with the comforting thought that his pictures are overdrawn.

His recreations are various. He boxes because it enables him to practise the making of hits, just as he cycles because he finds it good for the circulation.

He lives near Epping Forest, where gipsies camp and boil their pots. But he leaves pot-boiling to them now-a-days; he has given up "Martin Hewitt."

THE READER.

MR. BERNARD SHAW, WRITER OF PLAYS.

By F. G. Bettany.

THOUGH his personality is singularly compact, is indeed consistently of a piece, Mr. George Bernard Shaw has impressed himself on the popular imagination as a man of very many aspects. There is Bernard Shaw—for he has dropped his first initial—the Irishman and the conversationalist of infinite charm, Bernard Shaw the vegetarian and teetotaller and anti-tobacco man, Bernard Shaw the revolutionary assailant of marriage and property and of our social and economic systems generally. There is, or was, Bernard Shaw the Fabian socialist and the municipal politician—a disillusioned socialist and a discarded vestryman now. There is Bernard Shaw, distiller of Ibsen's quintessence and perfect Wagnerite. There is Bernard Shaw the disciple of Nietzsche and Schopenhauer, and—to some extent—Tolstoi. There was a Bernard Shaw the journalist, most entertaining of musical and dramatic critics. Finally, not to mention the novelist who produced in his "nonage" that story of pugilism, "Cashel Byron's Profession," there remains the Bernard Shaw whom I fancy most of us know best, the writer of plays, and the writer, I may add, of voluminous explanations, expositions, prefaces, and annotations of those same plays. It is to this last phase of Mr. Shaw's multiform activity that I propose confining myself in the following appreciation. But as the author of "John Bull's Other Island" is a thinker who possesses very strong convictions and composes his plays in order to voice his ideas, I must have the reader's indulgence if I am found stepping somewhat outside the limits here laid down and treating of other Bernard Shaws than the one strictly under discussion.

The mere circumstance of Mr. Shaw's having twelve plays to his name is not in itself particularly remarkable; other theatrical authors of to-day can boast a much better record. What is the significant fact in connection with Mr. Shaw is this, that he, the man of most intellectual originality now writing for the English stage, is fast making his way into general popularity. On the strength of two Hamlets (one quickly eclipsed), and a short-lived revival of "Romeo and Juliet," and Mr. Tree's spectacular production of "Much Ado," and his interesting Shakespearean Festival week, certain wiseacres of the press have described London's present dramatic season as a season of Shakespeare, but it might quite as properly be called after Bernard Shaw as after his Elizabethan rival. For what have we just seen at the Court Theatre? There an enterprising management has contrived to run for three months four Shaw plays, usually with two performances daily. To some people, accustomed to Mr. Barrie's two-hundred-night successes, such an achievement may appear by no means wonderful. But what it really means is, that at length Mr. Bernard Shaw has conquered fashion. And since the fashionable world, much as we may deplore its influence, sets the fashion in the playhouse, let us be thankful that for once, in both Mr. Shaw's and Mr. Barrie's cases, society has attached itself to the right men, that for once playwrights of real brain power are in fashion. Little as our smart set may grasp the Shavian philosophy and merely amusing as it may find the Irishman's wit, totally different from the author's intention as may be the entertainment it derives from his work, society's patronage can do Mr. Shaw's cause no harm and will certainly ensure him a larger audience.

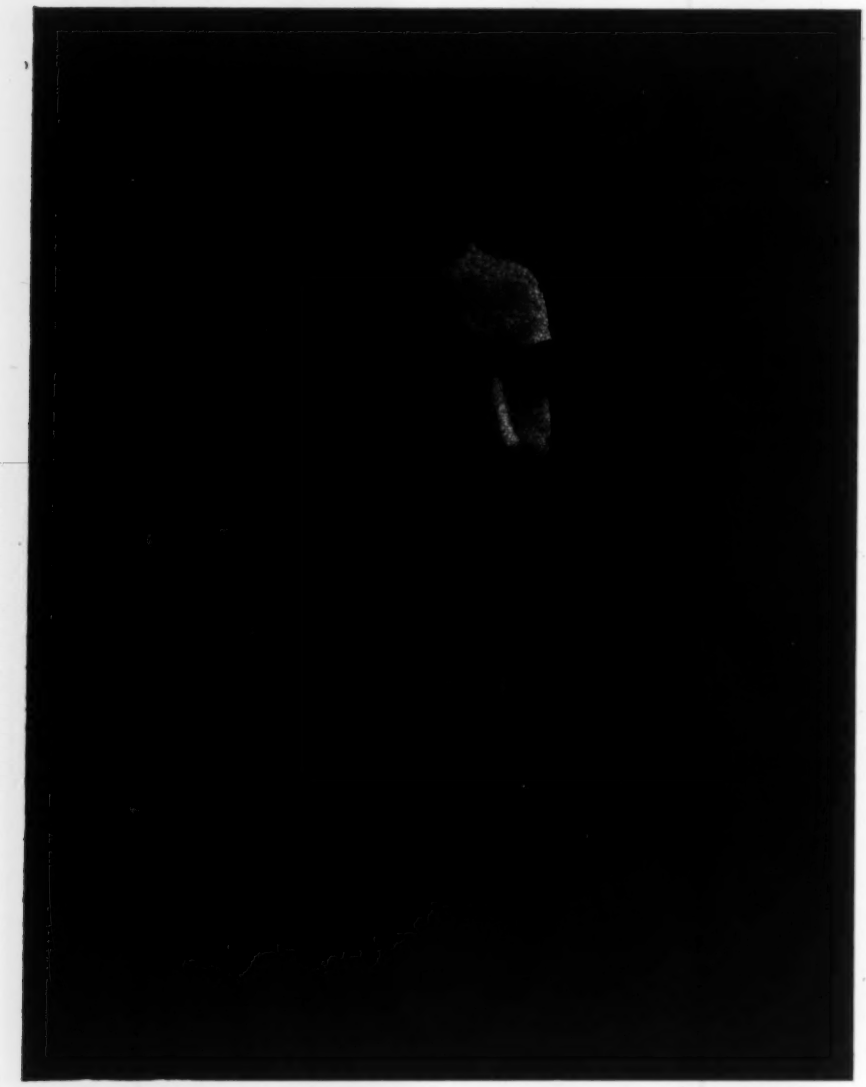
There were valid reasons, however, for the public's long neglect of the Shaw theatre. If the truth may be told, Mr. Shaw lacks some of the qualities which go to make the genuine dramatist. He is not a bad stage technician—in such matters as that of getting people on and off the scene reasonably. He can give his public its desired "thrill" in the startling revelation of a secret or in a sudden burst of eloquence. He shows on occasion a brilliant gift of observation and characterisation, witness his cockney chauffeur, so proud of a Board school and Polytechnic education. He can at all times win his audiences to laughter by his wit and humour. But his hatred of what he calls romance—"the great heresy to be swept off from art and life"—not only prevents him from employing, unless with a satirical object, what is rightly or wrongly a large part of human nature, but makes him turn out his characters too much from the same mould, and give too many of them a common element of his own unidealistic disposition. Owing also to his preoccupation with ideas, which he considers the all-essential requisite on the stage, he fails to respond to the playgoer's demand for a stimulation of his emotions; Mr. Shaw's appeal even to the emotions is addressed to the head. Meantime, though as convinced as Mr. Walkley himself that true drama must represent a conflict of wills, he cannot, in illustrating such conflict, confine himself to tense, dramatic dialogue, he will indulge in rhetoric; the moment the action of his plays begins to quicken, he sets his puppets declaiming and explaining themselves in set speeches. Again, he has scarcely the art of binding his scenes together, of ruling out irrelevancies, and of relating every passage to a central theme; indeed, save when for purposes of parody he adopts a scheme ready-made, his plays amble along in go-as-you-please fashion, the idea only half carried through, the episodes only loosely connected.

A capital example of Mr. Shaw's limitations is furnished in "Candida," which is in part a seeming burlesque, in part a fresh handling of the triangular situation of sex, and may fairly be described as one of the best made and most reasonable of the Shaw plays. The husband, it will be remembered, is an East End clergyman of the Christian Social Union sort, only half-emancipated from "conventionality." The lover is a Shelleyan boy-poet, over whose dreams Mr. Shaw lingers with uncharacteristic tenderness. And Candida herself is a charming idealisation of the type of sym-

pathetic common-sense house-wife—a gracious maternal woman, not unalive to the sacrifices she has made for the comfort of her big baby of a husband. Humanely, however, as they are depicted, all three chief persons of the drama are tarred, nevertheless, with Shawism. The frank insolence of the poet to his rival, the parson's ready admission that he has no claim to hold his wife to her matrimonial bond, Candida's conclusion that her duty of protectress lies with her husband as the weaker man—all these things, together with the trio's seeming entire forgetfulness of the children's existence, produce on the stage an impression of the paradoxical and unreal. The emotions, too of the parties are held in such severe control, and the poet's rhapsodies and agonies have so little sex-ardour in them, that the whole play seems arid and fantastic. Furthermore, all three protagonists, when excited, deliver themselves in turn of lengthy bravura passages of rhetoric, and that is a trick which does not help towards illusion. These faults are less noticeable in the study than in the playhouse. I saw "Candida" again lately at the Court, after re-reading the play. I had read it with enthusiasm, but in the theatre I was painfully conscious of too much platform oratory, too much of Mr. Shaw in the characters, a general excess, in fact, of intellect over emotion. It is rather a fatal fault in a drama that it should read better than it acts. "Candida" is a carefully constructed play, but as a rule constructive skill is not Bernard Shaw's strong point. It is curious, in fact, that a writer who attaches such importance to his ideas as does Mr. Shaw should be so careless about the vehicle in which they are conveyed. His earliest dramatic efforts, propagandist plays in which the moral is most violently obtruded—the first, "Widowers' Houses," dealing with the iniquities of slum-farming, and another, "Mrs. Warren's Profession," treating of an even more shameful traffic in human lives—are social melodramas in which the long arm of coincidence is strained to very breaking point, and all the other devices of convention are used to permit the working of a mechanical plot.

From a Drawing by Will Rothenstein. **G. Bernard Shaw.**

(Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist.)



From a Portrait by Furley Lew.s.

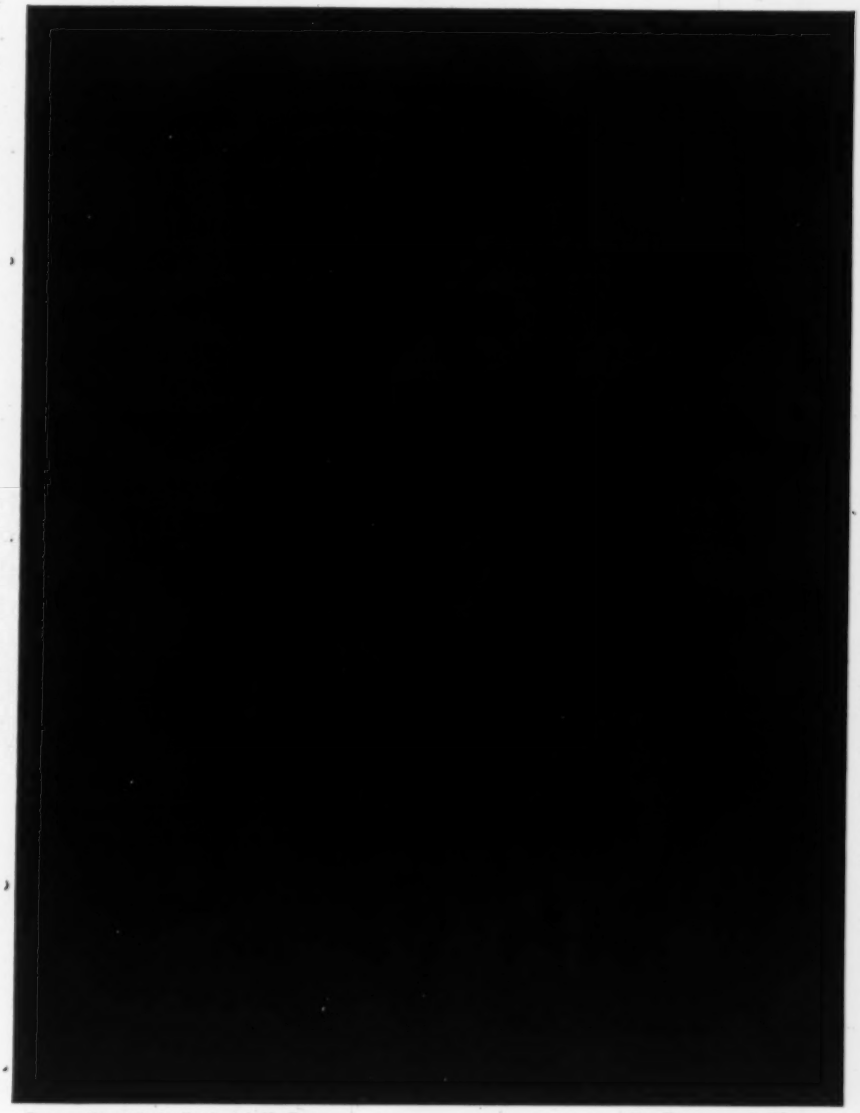
G. Bernard Shaw

But Mr. Shaw's more customary plan in arranging the schemes of his stage-stories is to parody some well-known dramatic form, to adopt the old romantic situations and hold them up to ridicule, to pour his new wine into old bottles. Thus "Candida," as we have seen, is in some ways a travesty of the hackneyed problem play of sex. "Arms and the Man," with its "chocolate cream soldier" seeking refuge from pursuit in the heroine's bedroom, starts as a skit on the military sensational drama of the "Secret Service" type. "The Philanderer," which shows a "duellist of sex" outwitted and thrown over by two feminine victims of his amorous propensities, is a perversion of the old-fashioned Wyndham farce. "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," equipped with all the machinery of a family plot of vengeance, a brigand escort, rival armies of Moors, and the opportune arrival of a gunboat, is a burlesque romantic drama of adventure. "Cæsar and Cleopatra" is an intentional or unintentional parody of the Shakespearean Roman play, Mr. Shaw proving therein how much he can improve on the Bard's portrait of Julius Cæsar, and offering his own work as an antidote to the "false romanticism" of "Antony and Cleopatra." While "The Devil's Disciple," concerned with the American War of Independence, is a thoroughgoing burlesque of the military melodrama, in which, scene by scene, the original type is most scrupulously and ludicrously caricatured. The piece gains its piquancy, doubtless, from the ruthless realism with which all the romantic conventions of self-sacrifice, chivalry, heroism, and patriotic devotion are successively scarified. But its stage effectiveness is mainly due to the closeness with which it adheres to the form which it travesties. And this, this very piece in which the author owes so much to alien sources, is far and away the best acting play in his whole theatre.

Not only is the medium which Mr. Shaw chooses for his revolutionary ideas strangely and deliberately old-fashioned, but the actual story he adopts often serves but as a feeble illustration of those ideas, and obscures them by irrelevant details. What is the leading notion of "Cæsar and Cleopatra"? Plainly, Mr. Shaw here intends to offer a portrait of a superman, whose desire to conquer his foes by clemency is constantly thwarted by his soldiers' murderous passions; of a superman, too, who like the Napoleon of "A Man of Destiny," despises mere show of gallantry and chivalry towards women. But the net result is not only a series of commonplace scenes in which Cæsar is made ridiculous or "human," but a play without plot, climax, or cohesion, in which the end might come at any point, and such action as there is, turning on Cæsar's lucky escape from a self-made difficulty, is constantly interrupted to exploit the humours of an anachronistic Englishman. Take as another example "Captain Brassbound's Conversion." Its heroine, one of the all-conquering type of women, who is yet all altruism and sympathy, holds, though a judge's sister-in-law, Tolstoian views as to the folly of criminal justice. The aim of the play, presumably, is to demonstrate how the larger charity of the future will overwhelm the barbarous demands for vengeance of present-day men and laws. But the idea suffers on transportation to the stage. For all we see is a fascinating wilful woman who utters quaint paradoxes and wins over everybody by blarney, the author spoiling his mouthpiece's chances of being taken seriously by mak-

ing her admire the "charming" faces of villainous bandits, marring his scheme by the addition of a paradoxical but superfluous love-scene, and generally rushing off at a tangent to elaborate any little detail that takes his momentary fancy.

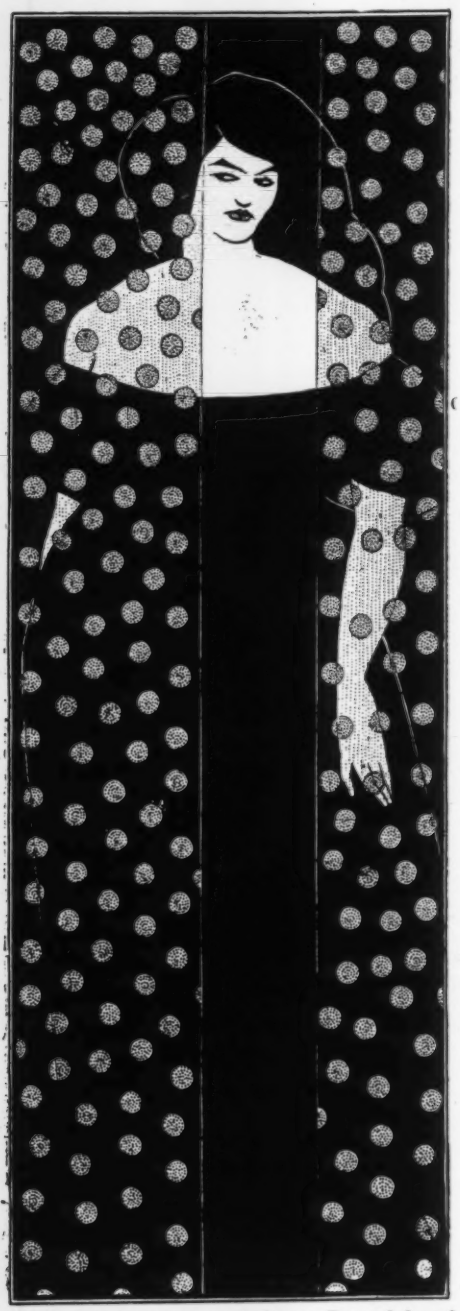
One more instance, and this the last! Shall we easily forget the object-lesson furnished by the stage version of "Man and Superman"? We who saw it remembered the flourish of trumpets with which the play was published in book form, its long dedicatory epistle, its appendix of "The Revolutionary's Handbook," its famous interlude of Don Juan in Hell; here we gathered the pupil of Schopenhauer and Nietzsche gave us the final shaping of the Shavian philosophy. But on the stage, alas! away went the Juan episode, and with it the whole doctrine of the superman, or rather the race of supermen, who are to redeem the world. The only Don Juan, the only superman, left seemed the heroine. And as for the other great theory, that of woman as the eternal hunter and man as her predestined quarry, instead of its being expressed in a striking form, instead of our beholding on the stage the stealthy majestic march of the tigress on her prey, it was whittled down to a few casual scenes of topsy-turvy courtship, in which a kittenish Bedford Park young lady captured a Schopenhauerean philosopher, having all the outward semblance of a juvenile Bernard Shaw. All sorts of laughable little episodes, in which a chauffeur, a romantic young American, and a relic of mid-Victorian reform days figure, all sorts of incidental Shavian disquisitions broke up the exposition of the play's supposed central idea. A highly amusing but rather inconsequent entertainment, a gay, happy-go-lucky, perverse little comedy—this was the end of the fine flower of the Shavian gospel!



From a Portrait by Frederick H. Evans. **G. Bernard Shaw.**

But it is time to take stock of Mr. Shaw's wit and humour. His humour is the Irishman's humour, a desperate seriousness pushed to extravagance by an instinct for the grotesque. It is a fallacy which regards Bernard Shaw as a farceur; he is a profoundly and persistently earnest person. But his is true humour, for just because he is a fanatic manqué, he has the humourist's capacity for taking a detached view of life, and seeing the absurdity of its fretting and fuming. His wit consists in his giving forth with an airy nonchalance that hides their sincerity apothegms so audacious, so defiantly opposed to conventional sentiment that they pass for jests and paradoxes. The note of his wit and humour alike is calculated insolence or embarrassing truthfulness. The laughter Mr. Shaw's characters provoke depends mainly on their uttering frankly their real thoughts, or their adopting within limits the antinomian and iconoclastic, and therefore preposterous-seeming theories of the playwright himself. So in his plays children rebuke their parents, youths "cheek" their seniors, lovers calmly combine in talk dissection of their mistresses' faults with confession of their physical charm, masters apologise to their servants for overstepping their proper distance, and subordinate soldiers address their superiors with an amazing freedom. So again we have soldiers giving away their profession, heroes mocking at military courage, and matter-of-fact army men tearing away the glamour from the sham romance of war. This shattering of romantic ideals it is which makes the most mirthful episodes in Mr.

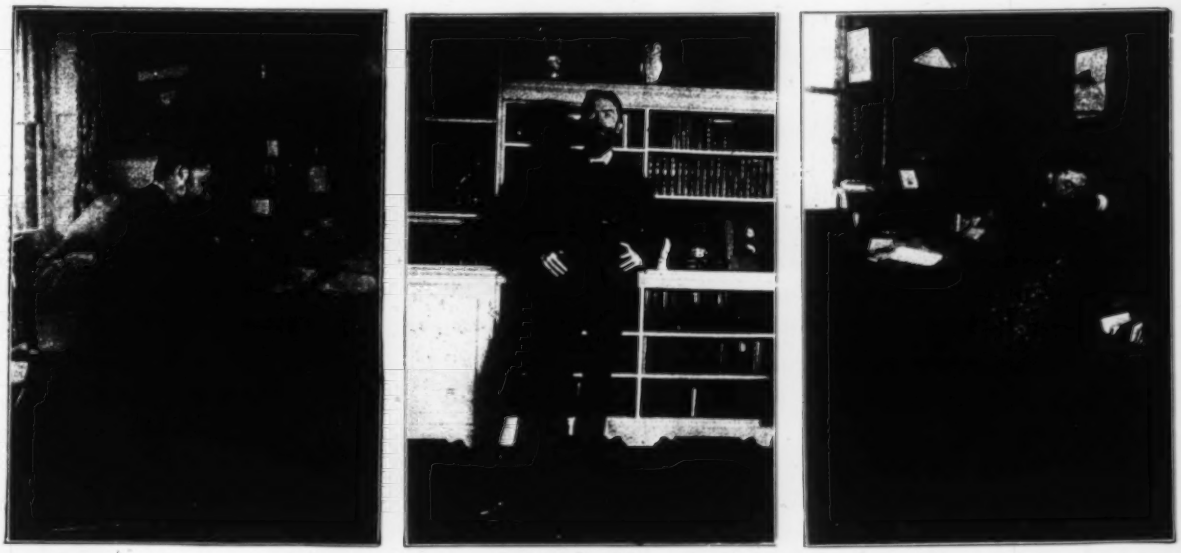
Shaw's four military burlesques, "Arms and the Man," "The Devil's Disciple," and the Cæsar and Napoleon plays, wherein, by the way, we discover generals of history, such as Cæsar, Bonaparte, and Burgoyne, anticipating by centuries Mr. Shaw's own humanitarian notions as to the wickedness of war and the emptiness of honour and prestige. People chuckle over all this, and will not believe Bernard Shaw means what he says. To many of them he is but a funny man, and to be so miscalled is the fate of the modern heretic. Society, as



The Poster drawn by Aubrey Beardsley for Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man," played at the Avenue Theatre.
(By the courtesy of Miss Florence Farr.)

some one has remarked, does not burn its heretics today; it applauds them, and, I may add, misunderstands them. So we dub as humourist this fanatical pulpiteer, whose unique consistency and cruel thoroughness of logic makes him subject every person and thing to a single test, the truth as he sees it in a world where there is no human progress, and where moral ideals are a snare and a dangerous delusion.

Just as Mr. Shaw announces himself an enemy of romance, so he claims in his art to be an unflinching realist. Realist in the sense of faithful representer of human nature he cannot be, because he discounts often in his plays certain prominent principles of human conduct, because, too, seeing correctly that man is never likely to change in his constituent elements, he scorns the only hopeful thing about him, his inveterate idealism. But in the narrower sense of reflecting a conceivable phase of life how stands he? It is unnecessary to discuss his historical anachronisms, but, those apart, his portraiture cannot be called uniformly realistic. While there are characters of his that are most happy transcripts from life—such as his chauffeur in "Man and Superman," Captain Brassbound's hooligan ally, and those careful studies of Irish types which make "John Bull's Other Island" a marvellous epitome of the Irish question—there are also figures in his microcosms, those audacious twins of his in "You Never Can Tell," and the benevolent and tactful waiter of the same play, that are merely delightful creatures of farce and fancy. Even where Mr. Shaw catches the correct outlines, he cannot sometimes resist the temptation of burlesque. His Broadbent, so perfectly characteristic of the average blundering, grabbing, sentimental Englishman that he will probably rank with some of Dickens's grotesques as an ideally true type, is nevertheless so overloaded with the weaknesses of his race that he becomes a caricature. There is no less difficulty in deciding as to the exact amount of realism that can be attributed to Mr. Shaw's dramatic effects and dialogue. Where the playwright's very paradoxes and insolences seem to get nearest to reality is in his presentation of the attitude of children towards their parents, and in his treatment of the duel of sex. His young people are wholly lacking in the old sort of filial respect and reverence; they bully, chaff, and find fault with their elders; at the same time they protest strongly against the claims parents often assert on the ground of their relationship to be less civil and good-tempered with their own family than with strangers. There is not a great deal of exaggeration of the tendency of the time in Mr. Shaw's pictures of children training up their parents in the way they should go. This, which was once a paradox, may now be seen in every other household. Perhaps Mr. Shaw's position is not so strong in his handling of the relations of the sexes. I have already alluded to his theory of woman as driven by the primary instinct of the preservation of the race to snare and secure her mate. Allied with this is the playwright's loathing of all romantic courtship and gallantry as a nauseous sham, and his belief that woman as a class likes to be found out (even as a "liar"), and welcomes the man who does not idealise her, but divines her aims and her faults. So Mr. Shaw's scenes of wooing are often scenes in which lovers abuse, insult, and storm at each other, and say out the thing which is in their hearts—in which, in fact, there



G.B. S. at Home.

is a stripping bare of the two natures, a casting aside of all the veils of convention, an exhibition of two souls addressing one another quite sincerely. This is of course what never happens in actual life, but the esoteric truth of it all lends to Mr. Shaw's love-passages a rather curious effect of (if the collocation may be pardoned) ideal realism.

The notion which Mr. Shaw has borrowed from Nietzsche has never so thoroughly permeated his dramas as that which he owes to the misogynist apostle of the will to live. The cult of the superman in its original form probably prompted the Shaw travesties of Cæsar and Napoleon, but it is never preached in the plays named after them, and is only applied therein objectively. Mr. Shaw's own improvement on the idea—his belief or hope in the ultimate development (effected by special human breeding) of a race of supermen is expounded in the Don Juan dream of "Man and Superman," but does not affect the action of the comedy. Nevertheless this theory is highly important as affording a clue to the real consistency of Mr. Shaw's intellectual development. Here is a man whose whole career might seem to be marked by the shedding of illusion after illusion, resting at length on a magnificent dream. Here is a thinker who seeks to rob average humanity of its ideals, and scoffs at its aspirations, himself setting up the most impracticable of ideals. Yet his case is less extraordinary than at first appears. This ideal of his, we can see now, must always have been immanent in Mr. Shaw. It was by the standard of his giant supermen of the future that he judged us weakling men of the present as pygmies. We may reject the Shavian gospel as, though its prophet knows it not and thinks he is on the lines of the true revolution, essentially a gospel of decadence, but we cannot deny that it removes the last suspicion of inconsistency from the history of his mental progress. Whether we have reached the last phase of Mr. Shaw's journey in search of the truth, whether this last ideal of his will go the way of democracy, education, etc., who shall say? One prediction may be quite safely hazarded, that if there are yet further advances reserved for Mr. Shaw they will never be other than inevitable, logical results of his present intellectual position.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JULY, 1905.

Answers to these competitions should be sent not later than the 15th of the month to
"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, 27, Paternoster Row, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from Shakespeare applicable to any review or the name of any author or book in the July number of THE BOOKMAN.

II.—Name the characters described in the following sentences from famous English novels:—

(*a*) "Her cheeks were a great deal too round and red for a heroine."

(*b*) "Her spirits were always at high-water mark, her tongue always going—singing, laughing, and plaguing everybody who would not do the same."

(*c*) "A rogue in porcelain."

(*d*) "A tall man of middle-age, with two goggle eyes, whereof one was a fixture, a rubicund nose, a cadaverous face."

(*e*) "Her only peculiar charm was an air of inexpressible serenity, which a good conscience, kind feelings, contented temper, and the regular discharge of all her duties, spread over her features."

(*f*) "He looked like the 'Portrait of a Gentleman at the Exhibition,' dignified in attitude, bland, smiling, and statesmanlike."

(*g*) "From fifteen to seventeen she was in training for a heroine."

(*h*) He "had a frank and easy way with him that was very taking. I had never seen any one then, and I have never seen any one since, who more strongly expressed to me, in every look and tone, a natural incapacity to do anything secret and mean."

(*i*) "But a masquerading angel, after all, in spite of your knots and your perfumes, and the gold chain round your neck which a German princess gave you."

(*b*) He "studied conversation as an art. To ladies he spoke of the weather, and was accustomed to consider it under three points of view: as a question of climate in general; as a personal question . . .; and as a question of probabilities."

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA is offered for the best list of twenty rare or obsolete English words which might advantageously be revived in literary usage.

From a Portrait by Frederick H. Evans. **G. Bernard Shaw.**

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Prize Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to make use of any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JUNE.

I.—The PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA for the best Shakespeare quotation has been gained by Mr. G. S. RITCHIE, West View, Heaton Moor, Stockport.

THE RHYMER'S LEXICON. BY ANDREW LORING.
"*There's* a divinity that shapes our ends."—*Hamlet*, v. 2, 10.

The number and the quality of the quotations submitted this month have been such as to make adjudication difficult. Many competitors have failed by relying entirely on the occurrence of an author's name in a quotation without having regard to the general relevancy of the passage. The following are a few of many excellent answers received:—

THE MARRIAGE OF WILLIAM ASHE. BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.
"Ah! Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?"
Henry VI., ii. 2, 4, 37.
(Miss D. L. FULLER, Audley Park Road, Bath.)

THE LADY NAVIGATORS. By EDWARD NOBLE.
"O blessed heavens! more Noble!"—*Coriolanus*, iv. 2.

A HISTORY OF MODERN ENGLAND. By HERBERT PAUL. Vol. III.
"Paul's!, and mark how well the sequel hangs together."
Rich. III., 3, 6.
(Mr. G. THOMAS, Trevose, Wrexham.)

MR. GILBERT JAMES'S DRAWINGS FOR OMAR KHAYYAM (*vide* June BOOKMAN.)
"I do not like the fashion of your garments: you will say they are Persian; but let them be changed."—*Lear*, iii. 6.
(Mr. R. F. MCCAUSLAND, Hawsker Vicarage, Whitby.)

JOSEPH JOACHIM. By J. A. FULLER MAITLAND. (Living Masters of Music.)
"Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head."—*Merry Wives*, ii. 1.
(Miss MACDONALD, 50, Spottiswoode Street, Edinburgh.)

THE TAMING OF THE BRUTE. By F. HARROD.
"They say best men are moulded out of faults,
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad."—*Measure for Measure*, v. 1.
(T. J. L., Streatham.)

STORMING PARNASSUS. By J. H. LOBBAN.
"Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit;
By and by it will strike."—*Tempest*, ii. 1, 14.
(Mr. W. SCHALCH, High School, Sunderland.)

A MAID AT LARGE. By A. LEAF.
"To a nunnery, go; and quickly too . . .
You make your wantonness your ignorance."—*Hamlet*, iii. 1.
(Miss HONOR BATCHELOR, 7, Lansdowne Place, Blackheath.)

II.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS has been awarded to the following seven competitors who sent in correct lists of the works indicated by their sub-titles:—Mr. J. PRESHOUS, 35, Berkeley Street, Hull; Mr. J. RAE, 9, Queen's Terrace, Aberdeen; Mr. R. BROWNE, 4, St. Thomas Terrace, Wells; Miss ELISE GRAY, 160, Claremont Road, Forest Gate, E.; Miss MARY ANDERSON, 6, Lansdowne Crescent, Glasgow; Mr. T. HUTT, Queen Victoria Road, Coventry; Miss BERTHA ANDERSON, 11, Lonsdale Road, Scarborough.

The works referred to were—Hypatia, Woodstock, She Stoops to Conquer, Silas Marner, Cecilia, Clarissa,

Tirocinium, The White Doe of Rylstone, The Fair Maid of Perth, My Novel.

III.—The PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA for the best ten lines exemplifying the maxim,

"The sound must seem an echo to the sense,"

has been awarded to Miss MARY M. NOBLE, 57, Beech Road, S.E.

"Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill."—*Spenser.*
"So stretch'd out, huge in length, the arch-fiend lay."—*Milton.*
"Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow."—*Goldsmith.*
"The cock's shrill clarion and the echoing horn."—*Gray.*
"One crowded hour of glorious life."—*Scott.*
"Then shook the hills with thunder riven."—*Campbell.*
"Or the car clattering o'er the stony street."—*Byron.*
"And singing, still dost soar; and soaring, ever singest."—*Shelley.*
"And on the mere the wailing died away."—*Tennyson.*
"An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay."
Kipling.

A large number of excellent answers was received for this competition. Among the best submitted were those by Mr. G. Thomas, Wrexham; Miss E. Murch, Clacton-on-Sea; Mr. R. F. McCausland, Whitby; Miss Camilla Ogle, Oxford; Dr. Starkey, Dublin; Rev. J. Ogilvie, Cumbernauld, N.B.; Mr. J. W. More, Dunoon. Many admirable lines were suggested, but most of the competitors paid exclusive regard to "alliteration's artful aid." A want of variety was also frequently exhibited, not only as regards the authors quoted but in the matter of different metrical harmonies. Quotations from Pope's Essay on Criticism were necessarily ruled out, as also were lines in which occurred onomatopoetic words of the poet's invention, *e.g.*,

"The mellow lin-lan-lone of evening bells."—*Tennyson.*
"Bang, whang whang goes the drum, tootle-te-tootle the fife."
Browning.

The following are a few good examples chosen from the lists of the competitors above mentioned:—

"Till the last rattle chokes the strangled scream."—*Byron.*
"Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds."—*Milton.*
"The long blue solemn hours serenely flowing."—*Browning.*
"Rushed to the roof sudden rocket and higher."—*Tennyson.*
"When did a frog hoarser croak on our helicon."—*Tennyson.*
"I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore."
W. B. Yeats.
"The multitudinous seas incarnadine."—*Shakespeare.*
"A sound like thunder, everlastingly."—*Wordsworth.*
"The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide."—*Keats.*
"The slow, soft toads out of damp corners creep."—*Shelley.*
"With short, shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing."—*Collins.*
"With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain."—*Swinburne.*
"The unplumbed, salt, estranging sea."—*Arnold.*
"Thrilling liquidity of dewy piping."—*Keats.*
"With beaded bubbles winking at the brim."—*Keats.*
"The pealing anthem swells the note of praise."—*Gray.*
"Calm as a cradled child in dreamless slumber bound."—*Shelley.*
"Midst the fury and the din."—*T. E. Brown.*
"Blind, dumb, broad-breeched, beggars of battering guns."—*Kipling.*

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION FOR "THE BOOKMAN" has been awarded to two competitors, Miss RUTH HOLLIDGE (who is requested to send address), and Mrs. THORP, 54, Hillside Road, Streatham Hill, S.W., whose suggestions are embodied in the second and third of THE BOOKMAN Competitions for July.

The Editor of THE BOOKMAN gratefully acknowledges many interesting suggestions which he will be glad to use in subsequent months. While reserving the right, as stated above, to use any suggestion submitted, the Editor proposes to award this prize to the sender of every problem which is used, the subscription for THE BOOKMAN to hold good for one year from the month in which the problem appears. This seems to the Editor the most equitable way of awarding this particular prize, and is one which he hopes will commend itself to competitors by its fairness.

From a Portrait by Miss Helen McCaul.

G. Bernard Shaw.

THE CHOICE OF BOOKS.

"I love everything that's old: old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine."—GOLDSMITH.

THE ENGLISH ESSAYISTS.

II.—JOHNSON AND GOLDSMITH.

THE success of the *Tatler* and the *Spectator* is proved by nothing more clearly than the number of the attempts that were made to imitate them. In the period bounded by the names of Steele and Johnson we have the record of some sixty imitations. And of nearly all of these nothing but the names is known except to specialists in literature of the eighteenth century. The Essay as planned by Steele and Addison seemed dangerously easy to imitate. But the last lesson in style and the hardest to master is the secret of simplicity. This is the crowning paradox of literature. There is nothing so difficult as to write simply. This was the rock on which most of Steele's imitators struck. In trying to be simple, they became merely insipid. When they avoided this danger, they were mostly grandiose and dull.

Among the writers who practised the essay before the advent of Johnson are two of surpassing literary distinction. There is no more wonderful story in our literature than the life of Daniel Defoe. His activity was boundless. He is believed to have written more than two hundred and fifty separate books and pamphlets. It was not till he was nearly sixty that he wrote "Robinson Crusoe." "Before that event he had been a rebel, a merchant, a manufacturer, a writer of popular satires in verse, a bankrupt; had acted as secretary to a public commission, been employed in secret services by five successive Administrations, written innumerable pamphlets, and edited more than one newspaper." At another time I hope to give a brief account of this remarkable and strangely neglected page of literary history. As an essayist purely and simply he does not call for more than passing note. It is characteristic of the man that he issued his "Review of the Affairs of France" while suffering imprisonment in Newgate for an ironical pamphlet which the Government of the day accepted in a literal sense. His essays are excellent journalism, but nothing more. Sometimes his plain, rugged style approaches to eloquence. But in Defoe's strenuous life there was no time for the use of the literary file. His most interesting contribution to journalism was the invention of "the leading article."

As in the case of Defoe, the reputation of Henry Fielding has not been co-extensive with his many-sided genius. At one period of his career he was a voluminous essayist. And had he devoted himself more to this art, it is probable that he would have taken rank with its greatest masters. His essays have rarely been reprinted, but his quality as essayist may easily be appreciated from the introductory chapters scattered through his novels. These are really essays. And they show Fielding at his very best as a great master of "lusty English prose."

It is amusing to find that both Defoe and Fielding felt oppressed by the fame of Steele and Addison. "All the wit of mankind," said Defoe, "seems now to be composed of but imitations, and there is nothing new under the sun." Fielding mournfully refers to the popular belief that "the merits of Steele and Addison are above comparison and imitation. 'Tis an affront to the nation to imagine its whole stock of genius depended on any two lives whatever."

In 1750, as Boswell tells us with much solemnity, Johnson resolved to come forward in the *Rambler* "as a majestic teacher of moral and religious wisdom." This is an excellent definition of Johnson as an essayist. Quite unconsciously Boswell lays his finger on the weak spot of his hero's armour. For it is certain that the one thing the perfect essayist must not be is a majestic teacher. Johnson himself quite naïvely explains his project. "As it has been my principal design to inculcate wisdom or piety, I have allotted few papers to the idle sports of imagination." This is very different from the "preliminary prospectus" of Sir Richard Steele, and afforded no hope that the *Rambler* would increase the gaiety of nations.

The circumstances under which Johnson began the *Rambler* are a splendid proof of his courage. The well-earned pension had not yet been bestowed. He was still fighting grimly with his pen for the barest of livings. And he was already immersed in the preparation of The Dictionary! To this enormous piece of work he now added the writing of two *Ramblers* a week. They appeared regularly every Tuesday and Saturday, from March, 1750, to March, 1752—price twopence.

The name of the *Rambler* had been used before. One number of a periodical so named, dated 1712, exists in the British Museum. Of this Johnson seems to have been unaware. "What must be done, sir," he said to Reynolds, "will be done. When I was to begin publishing that paper, I was at a loss how to name it. I sat down at night upon my bedside, and resolved that I would not go to sleep till I had fixed its title. The *Rambler* seemed the best that occurred, and I took it."

With a few unimportant exceptions the *Rambler* was Johnson's unaided work. Its circulation in its original form did not exceed five hundred copies. But the audience was fit, if few. After reading thirteen numbers Samuel Richardson wrote in ecstasy to the publisher Cave (to whose *Gentleman's Magazine* Johnson had been at this time a regular contributor for twelve years): "I hope the world tastes them; for its own sake I hope the world tastes them. Excuse the overflowing of a heart highly delighted with the subject; and believe me to be an equal friend to Mr. Cave and the *Rambler*, as well as their most humble servant, Samuel Richardson." To this Cave replied in a letter full of interest. "Mr. Johnson is the Great Rambler; being, as you observe, the only man who can furnish two such papers in a week, besides his other great business." It is comical to find that, like the cautious publisher he was, Cave hastened to add, "Whether the price of *twopence*, or the unfavourable season of their first publication, hinders the demand, no boast can be made of it." Mrs. Johnson made no such stingy reservations. After reading a few numbers she said to her husband, "I thought very well of you before; but I did not imagine you could have written anything equal to this."

Both the manner and the matter of Johnson's essays are undeniably heavy. It is their author's memory, as Macaulay said, that keeps them alive. The *Rambler* and the *Idler* would have been improved if Johnson had had more collaborators. His pen often failed to report his wit. His brilliant conversation is known to us only from Boswell. Without Boswell it is indeed difficult to surmise what would have been Johnson's literary reputation. Of his splendid critical insight, "The Lives of the Poets" leaves no room for doubt. But Johnson as an essayist is rarely successful. His prose rose to great heights only when it was informed with passion. Its high-water mark is reached not in any of his essays, but in the Letter to Chesterfield. There not a word is wasted. Every sentence of that memorable document is forged at a white heat on the anvil of a noble indignation. A righteous resentment, said Juvenal, gave point and vigour to his verse. It required the same flame to kindle Johnson's prose. His conversation was uniformly brilliant and unexcelled. Pen in hand, he too often became the slave of an easily-copied mannerism.

In appraising Johnson's essays as a whole, we cannot do better than avail ourselves of the estimates of Boswell and Goldsmith. Said the one, "He was a majestic teacher of moral and religious wisdom." Said the other, "He would make little fishes talk like whales." Both verdicts, the solemn one and the witty one, are profoundly true. The ordinary conception of what is called "Johnsonese" is to define a spade as a horticultural instrument. This is, of course, entirely wrong. Johnson's style at its best is among the most virile ever written. Even his faults are full of merits as a protest against the slovenliness that refuses to build a sturdy paragraph. Johnson, as a critic, strove to be fair against many natural prejudices. He certainly never overvalued himself. Of his own essays he wrote these words that redound to his critical honesty, and are almost amusing as exemplifying his worst fault: "Scarcely any man is so steadily serious as not to complain that the severity of dictatorial instruction has been too seldom relieved."

The "Mermaid Tavern" is only a delightful name to us. Its feasts of wit we cannot share in imagination. But every

CARICATURE OF MR BERNARD SHAW AND MR JAMES TIMEWELL.

BY MAX BEERBOHM (unpublished).

Mr Tinewell: "But here I stay till I find something that he IS sound on".

By kind permission of the *Sketch*.

Three Caricatures of G. B. S. by Max Beerbohm

(Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist.)

lover of the eighteenth century has a very definite mental picture of Johnson's "Club." We have all been there some time in imagination. The faces of Burke and of Reynolds are as those of old friends. We are all familiar with the pained look on Boswell's face, when Goldsmith —the best loved of all the disciples—ventures to quiz the Great Cham. It is impossible to read Boswell without arriving at the conviction that Johnson loved and honoured Oliver Goldsmith. Of all that brilliant circle Johnson alone was keen enough critic to realise that the gauche Irishman was the greatest man of letters of the time. The meagre story of their friendship is one of the most delightful things in literature. "It must be much from you, sir, that I take ill," said Goldsmith when Johnson was led to apologise for an outburst of unusual petulance. And when Goldsmith's care was over, and he lay at rest under the flags of the Temple, no one in Johnson's hearing dared belittle his greatness and his fame. "Is there a man, sir, now, who can pen an essay with such ease and elegance as Goldsmith?"

As an essayist Goldsmith had nearly every possible equipment. Into a short life he had crowded a vast and varied experience. All the calamities of authorship he had tasted. But misfortune could not make him a cynic. No cloud could long obscure his sunny humour. Once or twice his correspondence betrays his approach to utter despair. But this was a passing mood, and the timely loan of a guinea would make him as merry as a schoolboy on holiday. Goldsmith had, in truth, a fine gust for life. Of all authors he is the least morbid. Had prosperity ever come to Goldsmith (with someone else to administer the funds), it is almost certain he would have ceased to write. How many masterpieces do we not owe to the abhorred offices of the bailiff and the dun? With this happy temperament, Goldsmith brought to his work a gift of irrepressible and delightfully freakish humour, a wide knowledge of men and nations gained by travel, and a natural gift of style which has never been excelled for "elegance and ease."

The best of Goldsmith's essays are to be found in "The Citizen of the World, or Letters from a Chinese Philosopher, residing in London, to his Friends in the East." These letters (for which Goldsmith received a guinea each) appeared first in 1760 in the *Public Ledger*, a newspaper founded by Newbery, the publisher. Goldsmith was never very inventive of new forms. He was always content to pour his wit into old moulds. More than once the device had been adopted—notably in a pamphlet of Horace Walpole—of satirising England out of the mouth of foreigners. But Goldsmith, as usual, outdistanced competition and made the method his own.

In Goldsmith's prose we find united many of the best characteristics of Steele and Addison. In *his* gaiety there is no malevolence. The "Citizen of the World" is the perfection of humorous satire. Goldsmith's touch is as unerring in the case of individual as of national idiosyncrasies. In all Johnson's essays there is no single character that lives. But Beau Tibbs and the Man in Black are portraits to hang side by side with Sir Roger de Coverley and Will Wimble.

One of the chief values of parody is as a criticism of style. If an author is easily parodied or even imitated, it is certain that there is some weakness or mannerism in his style. To parody Johnson at his worst is a feat easy of accomplishment. The successful imitation of Goldsmith will proclaim the appearance of a new great writer of English prose.

RANGER.

The following are some suggested texts and reference books for the period:—

Boswell's Johnson. (Hutchinson's Standard Biographies.) 1s.
Forster's Life of Goldsmith. (Hutchinson's Standard Biographies.) 1s.
Macaulay's Life of Johnson. Ed. Nichol Smith. 1s. 6d.
Goldsmith's Citizen of the World. Ed. Brockington. 2s.
Goldsmith's Citizen of the World. (Routledge's N.U.L.) 1s.
The Age of Johnson. By T. Seccombe. 3s. 6d.
The Rambler. Selected Essays. (Walter Scott.) 1s.
English Essays. Ed. J. H. Lobban. 3s. 6d.
Thackeray's English Humourists.
Gosse's History of Eighteenth Century Literature.

New Books.

THE BOER WAR.*

In the third volume of "The Times History of the War in South Africa," Mr. Amery resumes his narrative at a point immediately after the "Black Week" of Stormberg, Magersfontein, and Colenso, when the British Government and nation first awoke to the realities of the task they had undertaken. He offers an apology to his subscribers for the interval of three years separating this one from the preceding volumes, claiming a forbearance which readers will readily grant to one who has laboured so faithfully, not only to secure accuracy in details, but get at the real truth of events and to establish their lesson. The result, indeed, will disappoint those who, desiring a succinct history, may complain that the laborious scrutiny bestowed upon outpost affairs and cavalry skirmishes obscures the general movement, and hinders, rather than helps, understanding of the campaign; that, in short, they "cannot see the wood for the trees," and that the lessons of the war would have been more poignantly enforced had a juster sense of proportion been maintained. The six hundred pages of the present volume dispose of only three months' campaigning. On this scale, Napier's history of the six years' war in the Peninsula would have filled, not six, but four-and-twenty volumes, and Napier has never been accused of undue brevity. Moreover, in the Peninsula Wellington had to operate in presence of 300,000 French troops, whereas it is doubtful whether there were at any one time 50,000 Boers in the field against Buller, Roberts, or Kitchener.

The historian who sets himself to record not only all that has been done, but also all that miscarried, must run to lengths exceeding the endurance of most readers. He descends from the chair of the historian to the desk of the chronicler. For instance, it does not contribute much to our knowledge of the siege of Ladysmith to read, among a multitude of similar incidents, that "on the night of December 5th Captain Gough of the Rifle Brigade attempted to surprise a Boer picket at Thornhill's Farm, which, however, was unfortunately absent" (p. 167); or, again, that on the night of the 7th, "Colonel Carleton took out five companies of the Leicesters and surrounded a farm near the foot of Bell's Kopje, but found the Boers had departed" (p. 169).

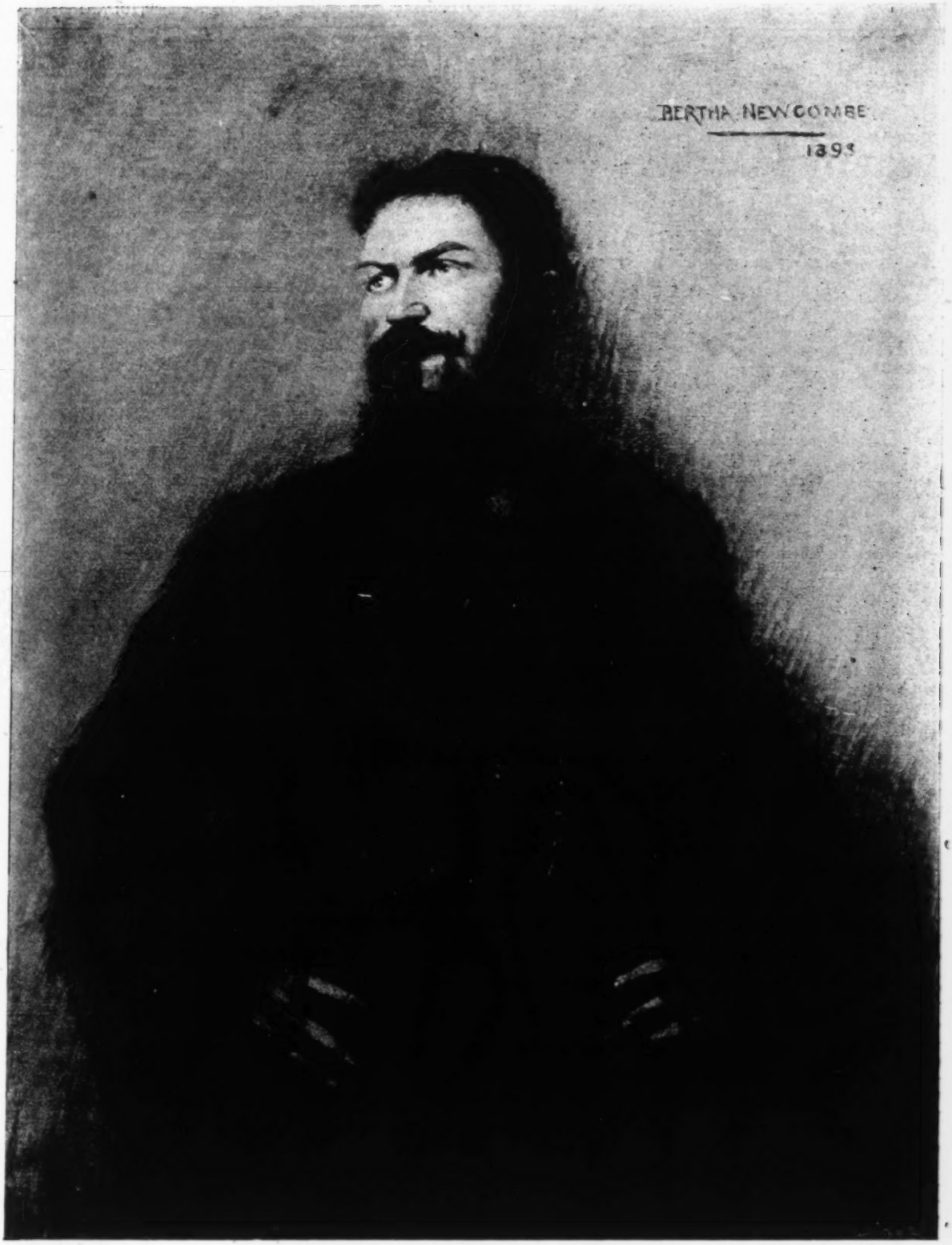
But if one feels that few works of similarly high quality would gain so much by condensation as this one, there is little room for the critic's office in regard to Mr. Amery's narrative of field operations. Actions are described in plain language, all the more effective because there is not the slightest attempt at fine writing. He has made himself personally acquainted with the topography, and speaks, in many cases, with the certainty of an instructed eye-witness. The maps prepared by Mr. Lionel James to elucidate the text are so excellent, indicating not only the physical features of the country, but the very days and hours of the various movements, that one cannot but reflect bitterly how priceless all this information would have been at the outbreak, instead of after the close, of hostilities.

In compiling his narrative, Mr. Amery has been indefatigable in collating the experience of officers and men engaged; while in respect of those events which have been chief sources of controversy, he has given, without fear or favour, his own conclusions, drawn from the conflicting statements of senior officers before Lord Elgin's Commission. All this, as most readers will agree, could not have been better done; it is a masterly piece of work.

Approval will not be so unanimous concerning the measure and the manner of censure with which Mr. Amery visits almost every authority and individual, military and civil, responsible for the conduct of the war. Censure so unsparing is liable to be pronounced indiscriminate; hard things will be spoken about the hardihood of irresponsible civilian opinion, which, after all, cannot be less fallible than the judgment of professional men, and is exempt from the test of performance.

Mr. Amery's view of the persons with whom the administration of the British Empire rested in 1899, still rests, and

* "The Times History of the War in South Africa, 1899—1902." Edited by L. S. Amery. Vol. 3. 21s. net. (Sampson Low, Marston and Co., Ltd.)



From a Painting by Bertha Newcombe. (Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist.) **G. Bernard Shaw.**

is likely to go on resting, and of those charged with carrying out the instructions of those persons, is a disquieting one. Napier attributed the chief difficulties of the Peninsular army to the neglect and party favouritism of Tory Ministers. He poured the vials of his wrath upon Castlereagh, Liverpool, and Bathurst. Mr. Amery goes further. If the Government could not "rise to the magnitude of the occasion" (p. 7), "the bulk of the Liberal party, admirably typified in their leader, Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, wobbled flabbily hither and thither in their anxiety to share the credit for patriotism of the one wing, without foregoing any political capital that might be made by the methods of the other" (p. 9).

After all, political parties and their leaders are fair game; as Lord Salisbury wrote in his essay on Castlereagh, if things go right in a war, the Minister gets no credit; if things go wrong, he bears all the blame. It is when Mr. Amery appraises the performance of British generals in the field that his indictment becomes most trenchant and most deserving close attention; for it must come as a sore discouragement to men who have done their level best to be told that their performance has been thoroughly unsound in conception and feeble in execution. Here again, the censure is so sweeping that it must miss some of the effect intended. While we are assured on the

one hand that the British plan of campaign was "contrary to the most elementary principles of strategy" (p. 14), we learn, on the other hand, that the Boers proved incapable of taking any advantage of their enemy's blunders.

The impression has prevailed widely that the Boers made a remarkably fine stand against overwhelming numbers, and that their generals developed military capacity out of all proportion to their opportunities and experience. Not so, says Mr. Amery; the blunders on one side were balanced by those on the other. "The incapacity of the Boers to take war seriously was only equalled by that of their opponents." If Sir George White was dominated and crippled at Ladysmith by considerations which "would hardly have weighed with a general of the first rank," Joubert was "timid and inert in the command of forces whose success he disbelieved in," and his "inborn hesitation and timidity" prevented him from driving home his initial success against White.

So, during the progress of the siege, White is censured for inactivity on 6th January, during the Boer attack on the Platrand. "Here was the opportunity, if only he had realised it, for a really effective counter-stroke!" But if this was an error of judgment, it escaped penalty owing to the Boer laches.

"The general concentration of guns against so extended a target as the Platrand was ineffective in the absence of any understanding or communication between the gunners and the storming parties on the crest. Through gross neglect the gunners on Telegraph Hill began the day with only three shells for their 6-inch gun. Leading there was none; the senior generals, Joubert, Schalk Burger and Prinsloo, seem to have been mere passive spectators of the struggle. The splendid courage and dogged determination of a few hundred men could avail nothing in the face of incompetent generalship and the negligence and cowardice of the mass of the burghers."

Of the terrible mess on the Tugela and the disastrous muddle on Spion Kop, Mr. Amery has disentangled a lucid narrative from the maze of contradictory assertion made before Lord Elgin's Commission. Buller and Warren, as might be expected, come in for a full share of censure; nor are their juniors spared—Clery, Hildyard, Thorneycroft, and the rest; Lyttelton alone receiving warm encomium for his prompt seizure of the Twin Peaks, an important position, whence he was peremptorily recalled in the evening by Sir Redvers Buller.

Space is lacking to follow the well-sustained narrative leading to the battle of Paardeburg and the surrender of Cronje. Mr. Amery repels the objection which has been made to Kitchener's attack, on the ground that waste of life might have been avoided by simply holding Cronje penned till he was forced to lay down his arms. "Now, if ever, was the moment for delivering a crushing blow, for breaking the spirit of the Boers, and raising that of the British by the infliction of really heavy losses. Once missed, even by an hour, the golden opportunity might not present itself again." But he is of opinion that the attack itself was faulty in design, spasmodic and confused in execution, and that "the cause of these defects must, to a large extent, be sought in the commander himself," for, "with all the intuitions of a great soldier, Kitchener was still entirely inexperienced"; his Egyptian service, it seems, having afforded him no opportunity for "the practical mastery of the complicated and detailed technique essential to the tactical handling of large bodies of men in action."

Now if this be true, we may as well give up all hope of ever having a British army properly handled. If an officer "with all the intuitions of a great soldier" cannot learn to handle his troops without previous experience of war with a great civilised power, there seems to be no remedy for the situation. The cost of the necessary education is prohibitive. Nevertheless Paardeburg remains, in the author's opinion, the best conducted battle in the war. Mr. Amery does not shrink from applying criticism to a greater than Kitchener, or at least his senior. When Roberts arrived on the morning after the fight and took over the command, he had to decide whether to resume the action or to adopt a waiting game.

"The loss of life already incurred [about 320 killed and 950 wounded] appalled him, and he shrank from the idea of possibly doubling the tale of victims by a second attack. . . . He hesitated, and was lost."

As a matter of fact he was not lost, for Cronje surrendered a week later; but Mr. Amery's comment upon Roberts's decision, and the reasons for it, deserve the closest attention.

"Great soldier though he was, he was not great enough to break through the limitations of his environment, to run counter to the deep-rooted sentiment alike of the army at Paardeburg and of the nation at home. For fear of losing a few lives, he refused to take the full and perfect reward of his own bold strategy, and of the efforts of his subordinates; content with a less assured and less fruitful form of victory."

Herein lies one of the chief lessons of the Boer war. The losses of the British force in the attack on the 18th amounted to but 8 per cent. of the 15,000 troops engaged. At Chillianwallah the losses were 15 per cent. upon a force of the same strength; at Waterloo they were 29 per cent., at Inkermann 31 per cent.; while at Albuera they reached 48 per cent., or nearly every other man. It is a cause for serious reflection if public opinion at home has reached that degree of sensitive humanitarianism that our generals in the field, be their personal courage as far above suspicion as ever, dare no longer pay the price in lives necessary to make victory effective. There can be little doubt that this agency was at work during the whole operations subsequent to Magersfontein, tending unduly to prolong the war, and exposing the army in the field to mortality by disease which far exceeded the losses which more vigorous operations would have entailed.

Now if what appear to be the less satisfactory features in Mr. Amery's work have been frankly dealt with by the present writer—profusion of minor detail and want of moderation in censure—let it not be supposed that the chief lessons of the book have been undervalued. They are vital to the security and endurance of the Empire—necessity for the youth of the nation being trained to arms—recognition of the intense patriotism and devotion to the Imperial idea existing in the British Colonies—and, lastly, the realisation by people at home that, when the appeal to arms has been made, there must be no flinching from payment in blood of the price exacted for victory. HERBERT MAXWELL.

A MODERN SCHOOLMASTER.*

Not the least interesting sort of book is one which seems too quiet and real for fiction, too romantic or detached from things of every day for fact. These "Letters" give one that mixed impression. Dated as if they ran through last year's changes, they might belong to any time since the new century was born. A melancholy air hangs over them, and a strange English beauty, not untouched by the Greek self-control, though wanting in its cheerfulness and vigour. I mean physical vigour; the mind is alert, open to new thoughts, free from routine; but the temperament is curiously fatigued. One would fancy the old Northern gloom had fixed on this Upton schoolmaster, subdued a little by classic reading and the peaceable rich scenery, the mediæval architecture, the religious music, which a great public school has for its possession. But no charm can take away the sadness. It is true to life, not perhaps as much as it was in other days; but still the meditative mood of Arnold, Clough, Newman, lingers and will not be exorcised amid the rush and whirl of things. Every tutor is not as T. B., a spirit too delicate for his unsatisfying task. But he brings home to our imagination, in a way which few could surpass, the irony of what is called education by our governing authorities. The value of his best pages we shall find to be here.

Always measured, shrinking from attitudes, full of kindness to the boys in their artificial world, he lives two lives; in free moments he is a scholar and even an author, but the most of him is given to teaching, though he sees hardly any good in it, and to the games (as a spectator, one would guess) in which his faith is not excessive. Public school education has become a type, "not at all bad in many ways;" but "it tends to level character;" originality and independence are difficult to encourage; and the lads "base their ideas of social success entirely on athletics." But so do the masters. In a perfectly amazing sentence T. B. writes: "The only two regions which masters have not organised are the intellectual and moral regions." The only two! "Moral," it should be remembered, includes Christianity as a practical rule of conduct. The boys' own standard among themselves is low, if not "actively corrupting."

* "The Upton Letters." By T. B. 7s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

They are "splendidly reticent about their inner thoughts"; they have "no contempt for anything but originality of ideas." T. B. likes them well enough to be an impartial witness; and he says: "They are so nice, so gentlemanly, so easy to get on with; and yet, in another region, they are so dull, so unimaginative, so narrow-minded." Wealth and leisure have borne these fruits. When the tutor reflects on it all, a sort of nightmare falls upon his pages. He is never violent or exaggerated; and he believes in religion. Yet he has nothing definite to propose, neither social ideals, nor sacramental confession, nor interference from above to protect the younger children who are cast into this very singular school of manners like the Hebrew lads into the fiery furnace. Something is deplorably wrong, and he feels it. His own life, we cannot but imagine, has been spoilt by captivity in a world where the ruling motives are amusement and popularity. Is that wonderful? We seem to have read in an Eastern book, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the Kingdom of God!" Perhaps this would be the explanation.

Our schoolmaster has written gracefully on landscape; he admires and discusses authors new and old, from Shakespeare to Edward FitzGerald. His escapes out of prison to charming village-neighbourhoods, or to evensong in the cathedral, are told in a way that makes us better apprehend the delight of Americans when they visit our country-places. And so we could have talked about the "Upton Letters" as a work of art, which mingles in its composition some fine qualities—judgment, fervour, and style. But our thoughts go back to the tutor and his problems; the waste of intellect, declining idealism, courteous hypocrisies, ineffective classics, the blind unprofitable devotion to games, which, if we are to believe him, enter into and determine what modern English education shall be. "The incredible absurdity and futility of it all came home to me," says T. B., waking up in the holidays, sceptical for a moment about Latin prose; "half the boys that I teach so elaborately would be both more wholesomely and happily employed if they were going out to farm-work for the day. But they are gentlemen's sons, and so must enter what are called the liberal professions." Here is a text for the Fabian Society, on which I should like to hear Mr. Graham Wallas. Meanwhile, the tutor of Upton has given us an impressive book, and we shall remember him with a kind of sad pleasure. But have the Arnolds and Thrings lived in vain?

WILLIAM BARRY.

DR. MOMERIE.*

Dr. Momerie's life was representative of the period to which it belonged. He embodied the strife which characterised the transition of the Church from an indifferent, conventional orthodoxy to a critical estimate of its beliefs and its conduct. His character was of a sound and healthy type, but it cannot have been wholly the force of circumstances that drove him into so constant an antagonism with things as they are. A touch of defiance, a spirit of challenge, an inability to modify blunt statements or to bring himself into a working harmony with ecclesiastical authorities, were ever present with him. These were the defects of his qualities: the price we have to pay for his straightforward conscientiousness and intolerance of sham and inconsistency. Son of a minister of the Independents, he was very strictly brought up, and the record of his early days is interesting as showing how he gradually departed from the beliefs and disappointed the hopes of his parents. But through all divergence of opinion the love of parents and child remained unbroken. "To me my parents were great and noble. There were none who loved goodness more unselfishly. They were stern but not hard. Cold but not unforgiving." After a brilliant career at Edinburgh University, he went to Cambridge, where he graduated in 1878, and was elected to a Fellowship of St. John's the following year. During his residence at these universities his chief interest was in metaphysics and ethical science. After a brief and not very happy experience as a curate of the Church of England, he was in 1880 appointed to the Chair of Logic and Metaphysics in King's College, London. This position he held till 1891, when he was deprived of his office, chiefly through the intervention of Dr. Wace, the Principal, who took umbrage at some severe strictures of the Church to which Dr. Momerie had given utterance in a course of lectures on the mischievous effects of ecclesiasticism. In the same year he resigned his post as preacher at the Foundling. Much sympathy with his views was expressed by some of the organs of public opinion as well as by former students; but he received very little countenance from the clergy. Even Broad Churchmen held aloof. He thus found himself in an isolated position. His volumes of sermons and other books sold well, but by the Church to which he belonged he was treated rather as an outlaw. And this resulted not so much from the opinions he published, though these were sometimes extreme, as from the manner and attitude he assumed. Of this he was himself distinctly conscious. "I am afraid I have sometimes appeared to be a very troublesome son of the Church. . . . But, rightly or wrongly, I have regarded it as the duty of a clergyman—especially of a clerical professor—to point out quite frankly what he thought to be needed for the development and progress of his church. To shirk this duty for fear of consequences seemed to me dishonourable. But, this notwithstanding, among all her sons there is none who loves the Church of England more than I. . . . Still, at times I must have appeared, no doubt, unnecessarily troublesome. But, at any rate, I was conscientiously trying to do the best I could—not for myself, for myself I know I was doing the worst—but the best I could for my mother, the Church." This is his own *Apologia*, and however one differs from his opinions, his courage and resolute proclamation of what he believed to be the truth were admirable. His sincerity was unquestionable, and perhaps his unlikeness to the usual type of parson had as much as his heretical opinions to do with the dislike he provoked. His life and character could not have been better presented than they are in this volume. It is written sympathetically and lovingly, but with remarkable restraint. Dr. Momerie is allowed in great measure to speak for himself, and where narrative is required, it is written with judgment and clearness, and in perfect taste.

MARCUS DODS.

* "Dr. Momerie: His Life and Work." Written and Edited by his Wife. 12s. 6d. net. (William Blackwood and Sons.)

THE YOUNG NAPOLEON.*

This book will be of considerable historical value to the general reading public. It is a united piece of work. One reads it through with interest at a sitting, and it is accurate.

To that point of accuracy we shall return in a moment, but meanwhile it is well to add that the book has something much more than accuracy: it has a real sympathy with its subject. To understand Napoleon it is essential to understand that he had not in the course of his enormous action anything approaching a plan till he thought of the Austrian marriage. If there runs a plan through the history of Europe he was in his creative period its servant or instrument; every attitude of his life while he was in the *making* is his own: not ambition's. He became a general of armies merely because his talent suited him for that function. From the first to the last he never said "I will be this" or "I will be that": in a word, there was nothing in him of that vulgar sufficiency which has been supposed to inhabit the "strong man." He certainly knew the largeness of circumstance; he certainly understood that adverse destiny was as irresistible as the conclusion of a written story, and throughout, I repeat, he was himself, and cared only to be himself. On this account, as a soldier of the Revolution, as the servant, not the maker, of a plan (if there is a plan), he put into action the laws of '93: he utterly changed Europe, and had, by 1805, launched the origins which we are developing to-day.

It is the advantage of this book that it shows you Napoleon himself as a boy. It is not merely a transcript of Masson and Chuquet; it is a good compact essay written with a comprehension of the boyhood with which it deals.

As any man reads it he understands that silent, tenacious, southern child; a little awkward and unpopular; pure, exceedingly self-centred, but above all this, a mind which thrust out active arms and clutched at all things which touched its sensitive surface.

No one will understand Napoleon who does not know that

* "Napoleon: the First Phase." By Oscar Browning, M.A. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. (John Lane.)

in his boyhood a passionate love of the soil possessed him, as in his decline a reminiscence of the Faith; no one will understand him who imagines that he was erratic, posing, and violent; of the sort which people now call "genius." I know no clearer picture, or rather none more vivid, than that which the Prince de Ligne drew in his old age when he wrote "I have seen the man." He spoke (says this considerable authority) with accuracy and with determination, like a soldier, and with no aberrations. Mr. Reich has recently said that whenever Napoleon went to war he had in his mind a map of the country he invaded, and a map executed in the utmost detail. This is to make a very human gunner superhuman. He had the map, but it was a general map, with only *here and there* a detail worked out fine. It is not true that the command of detail is the mark of such men; but what he had and what is much rarer was, if I may use the metaphor, an exactitude of outline. All the large boundaries of anything he had to do stood plain before him. In a word, he surpassed in judgment. Of this nothing could be a more illuminating example than the tactical decision which first made his fame, and the story of which closes the pages before me. Anyone looking at a map could see plainly that L'Eguillette commands the inner harbour of Toulon. The power Napoleon showed in this adventure of his twenty-fifth year (with which the book closes) lay not in such a general appreciation as this (others had seen it before him), but in his appreciation that with the gun-ranges of the time L'Eguillette was *just* so placed as to command the wide entrance to the inner harbour and the distance between that entrance and the nearest point on the shore. It looked, if anything, somewhat too long a range. It was sufficient. Many a man could have arrived at such a conclusion after several days; but Napoleon saw it the moment he cast eyes upon the landscape.

I have already alluded to the accuracy of the book. There are but one or two slips, and those appear to be slips of the printer. Thus on page 263 November is given as the month in which Naploleon got his brigade. It was, of course, December, and when on page 55 mention is made of a priest saying mass in four and a half minutes, and the mass is called his "office," some error must have crept in either of the pen or of the printer, which is at least not Mr. Browning's own.

It is not beside the mark to insist upon the value of such accuracy, for it is a quality which is decaying in our historical work. Mr. Browning's own University has recently issued a volume upon the revolution (called "The Cambridge History," and reviewed in these columns), the central part of which is, to say the least, not pedantic in its care for exactitude. The sister University of Oxford has produced in Mr. Fletcher's edition of Carlyle, minute and careful as it is, a number of errors which will destroy its reputation in the eyes of foreign critics.

Mr. Browning is right upon the number of men that Carteaux had towards the end of September in front of Toulon, though he ought to have mentioned that the original force of regulars that did the hard work before reinforcements joined them was not 10,000, but only a little over 3,000. If I am not mistaken, the actual forcing of the gorge of Ollioules was effected by the smaller number. He is right also in saying that traces of the earthwork of the famous battery are still to be seen in the brushwood above the shore, and he is right about the "gunner's itch," which Napoleon caught in serving that battery. The dates of the Commissions are given justly, and there is no mistranslation of French words.

I may give examples of a negative kind showing of what importance to the general English reader is that accuracy, and how, where they cover the same ground, Mr. Browning's narrative corrects his contemporaries. Thus Mr. Fletcher in his edition of Carlyle estimates the defenders of the Tuileries on August 10th at a little over 2,000, and in the Cambridge History of the Revolution Mr. McDonald, trusting to Mr. Fletcher's notes, gives the same figure. That figure is utterly ridiculous, and to imagine it possible comes of reading no modern authorities. Pollio and Marcel, for instance, the best monograph on that day, is not to be found in the Bodleian, let alone in the private libraries on the Universities. It is worth while therefore for Mr. Browning to have put down on page 136 Napoleon's evidence that the king had at least as many troops to defend him as the Convention had in Vendémiaire: that is, over 6,500. Again, Garnier appears several times in Mr. Browning's volume. He was one of the generals commanding in front of Toulon, and it is interesting to add that he took part in the subsequent Italian campaigns, and probably died at Marengo after certainly commanding the garrison of Rome. The point is interesting, because in what may be called the official University History of the Revolution it is laid down of Garnier and the rest of the batallion that "their names are not to be found in any list of the soldiers of France."

A third point, with which this short notice must close, and in which the value of accuracy is observable, is the matter of Napoleon's promotion. Carlyle calls him a Major in front of Toulon. Mr. Fletcher, in what I have already called the official Oxford view, is careful to correct this, and call him a Captain. The reader will not be surprised to hear that both views are erroneous; the error of the first being due to an ignorance of French, of the second to an ignorance of history. Carlyle at least knew that Napoleon on October 18th was given the grade of "Chef de batallion." He had perhaps heard the term "Chef d'Escadron" somewhere. He muddles the two up and calls Napoleon thereafter a *Major*. Mr. Fletcher did not even know that Napoleon was promoted in that October. He gravely corrects Carlyle, and puts the young gunner down for a *Captain*, and is careful to date his commission wrongly into the bargain. What happened was that, as was frequently the case during the Revolution, one rung in the ladder of promotion was "jumped." Napoleon's commission as captain was made out in February, '92. It was not signed until the end of August. Fourteen months later he is given the promotion equivalent to our rank of *lieutenant-colonel*; ten weeks later he is a general of brigade.

The illustrations, as is the rule with such books, are uneven. The old map of Toulon, opposite page 266, is exceedingly interesting; the conventional portraits are well reproduced; that of Pauline Bonaparte, opposite page 96, strikingly well. On the other hand, it was a pity to include Charlet's lithograph opposite page 182. It is entirely "de fantasie," as the French would say, or as we should call it, un-historical. As, for instance, it puts Napoleon overlooking the mob on the east side of the Tuileries from the north. We know from his own account that he watched them on the south side and from the west. H. BELLOC.

HERETICS.*

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne once defined a paradox as a truth standing on its head to attract attention. But Mr. Chesterton has taught the truths he shows us many more wonderful tricks than this. They stand not only on their head, but on each other's heads. They turn somersaults, they throw themselves backwards, and then suddenly rear themselves one upon another in the true acrobat's "human ladder" style. One truth climbs up over the other until all are dependent upon the single and bottom truth, and then it is that their skilful manager, Mr. Chesterton, bows low before us in anticipation of our applause; and we accord it to him, and with enthusiasm—as we applaud the showman.

It is, alas! the fact that we are coming more and more to regard Mr. Chesterton only in this character. There was a time when we made ready to welcome a prophet, to incline our ears to a new voice. But the prophet came not—only a very clever young man who provided us with excellent amusement. And we wonder sometimes for what we are to accept Mr. Chesterton. After all he does tell us the truth—very obvious truth though it often is. In cant phraseology he has a message for us. But we should listen to him with deeper respect were he to present the truth to us less in the form of verbal acrobatics.

In "Heretics" Mr. Chesterton says many things that needed to be said. What we wish is that we could escape from the feeling that all the time we are looking at a troupe of performing truths. They come before us, we feel, not because they are truths, but because they can perform. Just as the men who are acrobats come before us not because they are men, but because they can go through a series of extraordinary contortions.

* "Heretics." By G. K. Chesterton. 5s. net. (John Lane.)

Nevertheless, apart from the fact that Mr. Chesterton tells us many things, less because he wishes to tell us these things than because he wishes us to think how clever he is—apart from this fact he says much that is true. He has a very sound note, for instance, upon the slum novelist.

"A great many hard things have been said about religious slumming and political or social slumming, but surely the most despicable of all is artistic slumming. The religious teacher is at least supposed to be interested in the costermonger because he is a man: the politician is in some dim and perverted sense interested in the costermonger because he is a citizen: it is only the wretched writer who is interested in the costermonger merely because he is a costermonger. He is in the literal and derivative sense a journalist, while the missionary is an eternalist. The missionary comes to tell the poor man that he is in the same condition with all men. The journalist comes to tell other people how different the poor man is from everybody else."

Those who know anything of slum fiction know how true this is. The slum writer's is essentially the same attitude as is that taken up by Mr. Kipling in regard to the soldiers of whom he has written so much. A private once wrote to the papers to protest against the language which Mr. Kipling had put into the mouths of his Tommies: one wonders when slum dwellers will offer the reading public, through the agency of the *Athenæum* or the *Academy*, some revelations as to the authenticity of the work of the slum novelist. Mr. Chesterton is not a dweller in slums; but he is the next best thing—a man who sees the matter from the slum dweller's point of view, and therefore his protest is valuable.

Earlier in the same essay Mr. Chesterton is laying down the law on his favourite subject of Fraternity.

But of course he cannot—or will not?—explain himself without resort to grotesque illustrations. And so we are informed that it is really more fraternal to kick our butler down stairs than if—on the ground that allowances must be made for the inferior orders—we decline to kick our unfortunate butler downstairs.

Absurd as is the illustration, what Mr. Chesterton says here is perfectly and obviously true. Our refusal to kick our butler downstairs is prompted by the same spirit which made the noble of old thrash, but refuse to kill in the duel, the inferior who had insulted him.

When Mr. Chesterton wishes he can be very amusing, and unlike most other writers, he can be most amusing when most amused. The egoism of Mr. George Moore, for instance, gives him an opportunity which he does not miss.

"We should really be more interested in Mr. Moore if he were not quite so interested in himself. We feel as if we were being shown through a gallery of really fine pictures, into each of which, by some useless or discordant convention, the artist had represented the same figure in the same attitude. 'The Grand Canal,' with a distant view of Mr. Moore, 'Effect of Mr. Moore through a Scotch mist,' 'Mr. Moore by firelight,' 'Ruins of Mr. Moore by Moonlight,' and so on, seems to be the endless series."

Again, "when another man would say 'It is a fine day,' Mr. Moore says, 'Seen through my temperament, the day appeared fine.' When another man would say 'Milton has obviously a fine style,' Mr. Moore would say, 'As a stylist Milton had always impressed me.'" Mr. Moore, in Mr. Chesterton's opinion, will never succeed. "His weaknesses of introspection and selfishness in all their glory cannot prevent him fighting; but they will always prevent him winning."

In all, the book contains twenty essays, each one brilliant, epigrammatic—in a word, Chestertonian. Yet there is something wanting, a something which, only added, would give to Mr. Chesterton that place which long ago we had expected him to fill. And that something is dignity.

F. W. ELIAS.

"NATURE I LOVED."*

Of the six volumes of Dr. Brandes' ambitious comparative survey of the literature of Western Europe, that entitled "Naturalism in England" is, we believe, the fifth to appear in the present translation. Two volumes are devoted to Germany, one on the Romantic school of the first years of the nineteenth century; the second, still to appear, upon the young Germany which Heine ridiculed so remorselessly. Three volumes are devoted to France; one of these, entitled the "Emigrant School," is concerned with the attempts of Mme. de Stael and other wandering exiles of the Revolutionary period to adjust to the circumscribed area of a literature still fettered by classical tradition and convention, the vastly increased if less intensive range of observation, perception and aspiration to which the study of less artificial literatures than that of France had afforded them the key; the reaction against these tendencies among the neo-classical writers of the French Restoration supplies the theme for a less interesting volume, which serves nevertheless as a link in the chain, and as a preamble to the most interesting volume of the set, that upon "The Romantic School in France." This leaves one volume for the treatment of the period which is associated with the Renaissance of Romanticism in England, and whether we consider the transmitting influence of such men as Coleridge, Taylor and Scott and Carlyle, or the originating and creating impulse which Scott and Byron and Wordsworth exercised throughout Europe, or the intensity of personal idiosyncrasy so all-important in literature which the great English literati of this period succeeded in developing, we cannot help feeling that from a European point of view the proportion is a somewhat misleading one. However this may be, the gain is altogether on the side of the English reader, who will find much more to instruct him in the great Danish critic's ideas as to the interrelation of foreign literary currents than in Dr. Brandes' views regarding the precise amount of moral responsibility attaching to certain proceedings of Shelley and the interesting group referred to by Arnold as "that set" ("What a set!"). When the translation is completed it is much to be hoped that the author or his interpreters will see fit to tell us in an epilogue something about the genesis of the present work, the relation of the respective volumes to the lecturer's general plan, for we believe that the present scheme bears a somewhat complicated relation to what was in the first case a vast corpus or more or less loosely classified lectures, something further about the dates of the various portions, about the responsibility for the present translation (concerning which so singular a reticence is maintained), and finally something in the nature of a general synopsis, and not least a general index. We do not make these remarks in any spirit of detraction or with a view of minimising the value of what has been done to naturalise the Hauptströmungen among us. On the contrary, there is much that is so admirable in these volumes, and so completely unrivalled from the point of view of last century comparative criticism, that we cannot help wishing that the book as a whole should be rather more highly organised than it is at present. Upon the whole the translation seems uncommonly well done, though now and again the sentences assume an unnecessarily dubious and ambiguous character, as in the following: "Not long after Percy's *Reliques* appeared a luckless young German lawyer in Government employ, Bürger by name, was appointed to a small post in Göttingen, where he lived in straitened circumstances and in unhappy and demoralising marital relations with two sisters." It would also have been an improvement had the text been to some slight extent amended or annotated especially for English readers, the fervour and frequency of references to Oehlenschläger and Baggesen subjecting one's ordinarily contented acceptance of the maxim *omne ignotum pro magnifico* in the course of time to no inconsiderable strain. It has also to be remembered and allowed for that the majority of the present lectures were written not less than thirty years ago. In those days the theories about the formality and the heartlessness and the powdered perukes and trim parterres of the eighteenth century, and the salient character of the romantic reaction, when all of a sudden

* "Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature." By George Brandes. In six volumes. Vol. IV. Naturalism in England. 12s. net. (Heinemann.)

men began to venerate what was old and wild and archaic and mysterious, possessed a novelty and a freshness which have long since evaporated. It is realised now that the eighteenth century used as a *corpus vile* for these kind of contrasts is not so much a period or phase of actual taste as a figment of critical imagination in which general tendencies extending for the most part over a period of time hardly corresponding at all with the eighteenth century of chronology have been loosely concatenated. Similarly with a very large proportion of the generalisations in the present work. They are highly ingenious, well expressed, and creditable in every way to the critic of a quarter of a century ago, but they excite a somewhat languid interest now; they evoke a ghastly rout of pale resurrected literary manuals, but they do not appeal with any nicety to the more sophisticated analytic requirements of the literary theorist of the new century. When we go on to read about the powerful intellectual reserve force the British nation possessed in those countries which lay remote from the centre of political life, fresh, unexhausted by civilisation, as illustrated by Ireland, which in the eighteenth century had produced such a thinker as Swift and such a great lyric poet as Moore, and when we reflect upon the very modified sense in which Swift's genius can be described as Hibernian, or Moore's operatic tinsel described as great lyric poetry, when further we estimate the real influence upon English literature of either the old songs and poems of Wales or the outpourings of Ossian, or are perplexed, as we cannot fail to be, by the extravagant value attached to the poetic technique of Byron, we shall hardly be able to avoid the conclusion that, stimulating and entertaining as the generalisations of Dr. Brandes may be, they are much too viewy and far too inexact to serve as the data for any very helpful scientific deductions in the sphere of comparative literature. The purview is too large and the method too rambling to permit us feeling any great security in accepting our critic's conclusions. Without accepting them, however, let us admit as freely as possible that his companionship is bracing and encouraging, that his daring classifications and groupings and nomenclature are often delightful, and that his broad sympathy with the picturesque figures of Coleridge and Byron and Shelley is as full as one could desire of intellectual energy and imaginative colour.

To explain the extraordinary fertility of literary genius in England, a small island with a population of far under twenty millions at such a period as 1798-1818, at the close of the uninspiring eighteenth century, Brandes has recourse to some quaint irrelevant generalisations, which appear to us, we must admit, fully as grotesque as those of Taine. He insists, of course, upon the English love for the sea, upon the fabled descent of the race from Hengist and Horsa, and their consequent love for animals; then upon the unique feeling for personal independence in England, and the indifference of Englishmen to doctrinal theories in art, letters, politics, or metaphysics—this although every man is a keen practical politician. Eventually he finds in Wordsworth and Byron the two diverse but characteristic types of English character. The only real insight shown to our thinking in the summary of characteristics which ensues is derived from a passage quoted verbally from Emerson's English Traits, that wonderful passage in which Emerson says: "Their religion is a quotation, their Church is a doll, and any examination is interdicted with screams of terror. In good company you expect them to laugh at the fanaticism of the vulgar; but they do not; they are the vulgar." The connection between love of independence and political enthusiasm and literary greatness is surely a far more obscure matter than Dr. Brandes seems to think. Under Elizabeth, when the most remarkable group of writers sprang up that our country has ever known, the form of government was despotic, and interest in politics was a dangerous luxury for a literary man. The common factors that one can discover between Elizabethan England and later Georgian England are, subsequent to a period of national isolation, an increasing complexity of civilisation developing rapidly upon a basis of new ideas, but, above all, a national consciousness concentrated upon itself, and highly intensified owing to strong external danger and pressure. This sort of general conditions was common to both periods. To particularise further, and to infer the distinctive efflorescence of English poetry from peculiarities of English diet, rainfall, a profound study of the works of the late Mr. Thomas Hughes and Charles Kingsley, Max O'Rell, and Dr. Emil Reich, with a few notions about the Nonconformist conscience derived from Matthew Arnold, generally lands the sanguine theorist in absurdities which even so acute a man as Taine was unable either to appreciate or to avoid.

The cartoon work upon the political background with which Dr. Brandes prefaces his generalisations is drawn, it must appear to us, with a somewhat extravagant pencil, and with a somewhat overcharged brush. The limitations of the Lake School's conception of liberty are defined justly enough with the aid of these writings on the wall, the boundaries of Scott's historical Naturalism are delimited with no less perspicuity, but in the long chapter on "The Poetry of Irish Opposition and Revolt" there is to us a note of obvious exaggeration, in which altogether undue importance is attached to these (very sketchy and one sided) political *graffiti*. By the term naturalism which he employs in the title as the equivalent of continental Romanticism—just as we employ the term Norman in architecture to comprise a set of distinguishing qualities which Europeans refer to as Romanesque—Brandes would appear to mean the susceptibility to the impressions of external nature which was so conspicuous in Wordsworth and Coleridge, and with a difference in Shelley, Scott, and Keats. It would be well-nigh impossible to extend the significance of such a term sufficiently to make it embrace Charles Lamb, who is in consequence ignored. Unless, however, naturalism be one of the most indeterminate words in the language, we fail to see how it can with any tolerable show of reason be applied to Byron. Great literary genius as he undoubtedly was, and one of the greatest masters of *blague* ever known, it must appear a little ridiculous to the present generation to find Byron taken quite so seriously as Dr. Brandes takes him. "Not until Byron wrote 'Don Juan' was he completely himself." In "Don Juan" Brandes finds the culmination of Naturalism, which reads perilously near a pure paradox. If Byron had lived longer, we firmly believe that he would have found a more perfect expression than he had ever yet found for his personality, not in poetry at all, but in prose. The incomparable cleverness of Byron could never find a perfectly complete and satisfactory outlet in rhyme. That naturalism in the sense that Dr. Brandes taught us to understand the word in the early chapters of this volume could have withstood the high pressure of Byron's complex persiflage and restless iconoclastic mentality is quite beyond our power of belief. THOMAS SECCOMBE.

THE R.A. FROM WITHIN.*

The Royal Academy has of late been subjected to such a fire of criticism that it is a relief to find a volume issued in its service that invites only commendation. For this history ends with the year 1830, and in those calmer days of Art politics the militant Outsider, and the militant critic of the weekly press had not begun to rage furiously. True, the Royal Academy had its Irreconcilables. There was Gainsborough, for instance, with his

> ". . . begs leave to *hint* to them [the Hanging Committee] that if the Royal Family which he has sent for this exhibition, being smaller than three quarters, are hung above the line along with three lengths, he never more, while he breathes, will send another picture to the exhibition. This he swears by God."

The Royal Academy, in its adolescence, had troubles with individuals, but there was no International Society, no Chantrey's Will, no D. S. M., to invade its peace.

How, the reader may ask, can the history of the Royal Academy from 1768-1830 fill a handsome volume costing a guinea? The answer is that two-thirds of the space is devoted to Lives, brief or long, according to importance, of its members. Many of these worthies are forgotten; the tiny achievement of some must make struggling moderns regret that they were not born in the easy days, when John Baker was made an R.A. because he painted heraldic subjects, floral decorations on coach panels, and flowers.

But these lives of the unknown have their charm and interest, and they are authentic, drawn from authoritative sources. For one of the authors of this volume is Mr. F. A.

* "The Royal Academy and its Members, 1768-1830." By the late J. E. Hodgson, R.A., and Fred A. Eaton. 21s. net. (John Murray.)

Eaton, secretary of the Royal Academy; another is Mr. G. D. Leslie, R.A., and the rest, the bulk of the book, and the best of it is from the pen of the late J. E. Hodgson, R.A. A capable painter, but no more, J. E. Hodgson had temperament and the necessary qualifications to equip a man of letters. The present writer knew him, and had the pleasure of spending many hours in his company, when the contents of this volume were being prepared for serial publication in the *Art Journal*. To that able and sympathetic pen may be ascribed the first chapter in the volume illuminating the dark ages of Art in England, and some of the important Lives, especially Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Turner. Many passages live in the memory—the account of those early eighteenth century days when there was no taste or feeling for Art whatever in England, and people were quite content to believe that Art was the exclusive product of Italy; the rise of that "fine fellow" Jonathan Richardson, whose treatise on "The Art of Painting" determined the boy Reynolds to become an artist; that day in 1768 when George III., having founded the Royal Academy, the original members waited two anxious hours while Benjamin West was trying to persuade Reynolds to become President. We can almost hear the cheers when they rose, and "with one voice" hailed him as their Chief; the first public assembly at the rooms in Pall Mall when Reynolds began the first of his "Discourses." Then skipping twenty-one years we see a little water-colour drawing of Lambeth Palace at the exhibition of 1790—the first exhibited work of J. M. W. Turner. O little seed, what wealth and wonder you held!

The Appendices compiled by Mr. Eaton are invaluable, and full of interesting and recovered information. Had we not all forgotten that James Boswell was once secretary for Foreign Correspondence to the Royal Academy; that Samuel Johnson and Macaulay were Professors of Ancient Literature; that Goldsmith was Professor of Ancient History; and that the name of the great Sir Walter stands fourth on the list of Antiquaries? C. LEWIS HIND.

SHAKESPEARE'S MARRIAGE.*

A Life of Shakspere in ten lines exhausts every known fact. Three pages of the early gossip may fairly be added. All the rest of these precious "Lives," of which half a dozen more have been spawned in the last few years, is not only irrelevant and superfluous, but pernicious. Mr. S. Lee's book stands apart. It is not a fancy Life of Shakspere, but a handbook to the whole of Shaksperian study and controversy—most useful, able, and reasonable, though sometimes too complacent to the fanatics. And it contrasts strongly with the latest and oddest of all the "Lives." I sent for Mr. Gray's book expecting that the title promised some fun, but will confess that I have read it through, every page, with a certain leisurely satisfaction. Yet none the less is it a very odd, very eccentric book. Why is it so readable? Well, partly because it is so nobly papered and printed. Who could have the heart to skip an absurdly trivial, irrelevant little Note which occupies, in large print, the middle of its own fair white page? And this outward majesty is but the reflection of an inward dignity. For without vanity or ostentation Mr. Gray believes firmly in himself. And still more firmly in the solemn importance of his labours, for which delusion I should like to shake him—and then humbly beg pardon, make friends, and talk it all over. He writes in the grave, elevated, equable, historical manner which lends dignity to trifles, and to everybody and everything is courteous and indulgent—too indulgent. And he has the charm of the true antiquary. His toil is indefatigable and conscientious. But perhaps the secret of his power is that one feels so safe in his hands—a half-hearted Shaksperian, whose zeal is sadly trammelled by honesty, but one to be trusted alone in a muniment room, one who never purloins or tampers with the documents, or forges "discoveries." In his pages I have detected no instance of the orthodox prevarications, mendacity, and sly use of conjectures as premisses to prove so-called facts,† though instead of denouncing the worst figments he is discreetly silent, or "condescends to breathe a doubt." Thus such brazen frauds as the Birthplace and Miss Hathaway's Cottage are dismissed with one coldly tolerant line each. But Mr. Gray has not only scruples, but very sound judgment, whenever he ventures to use it, and, but for his reverence for the Shaksperian ulemas and dervishes, seems almost persuaded to be a good heretic. Nor does he gush copiously over the Holy Places at their little Mecca, which exploits the memory of the great Londoner for the profit of its innkeepers, tradesmen, and the harpy-flies which infest all Meccas. For all these reasons I regard Mr. Gray's treatise with respect, and recommend it confidently both to True Believers and Infidels.

Yet it is an odd—attractively odd—book. To me its frankly chaotic arrangement is fascinating. Here it is. Mr. Gray has been for some time amusing himself in the Worcester and other diocesan registries, and has amassed a heap of learning about the old marriage licence system, which, with much else which by courtesy may be supposed to bear on the Shakspere Marriage Mystery, he shoots in the first five chapters. The sixth is "The Departure from Stratford," and here he strangely inserts his excellent reprint and criticism of the early gossip and traditions, doing full justice to the despised Aubrey. The last chapter, called "Facts and Inferences," is really a new Life of Shakspere, dealing quite amply with everything that has been discovered or guessed on the subject, and beginning with the honest admission that the only *known facts* of the first thirty years are the baptismal register of the poet in 1564, those of his children in 1583 and 1585, his marriage licence-bond in 1582, and the issue of "Venus and Adonis" in 1593. But we are only halfway through the book yet! Next comes a valuable —an invaluable—"Chronicle, 1552-1670," giving in due order, clearly, concisely, and *truthfully*, every fact, every piece of evidence—in fact, the genuine skeleton on which the fancy Lives are built. And what does it all amount to? A few dry facts about other people, a little bibliography, some scraps about Shakspere's investments and law business, a few commendatory verses and compliments, such as were then lavished on nobodies, but about the Poet, the Philosopher, the Man, nothing—nothing but his Will, and that precious passage in Jonson's "Timber or Discoveries," which Shaksperians, for their own ends, seem inclined to ignore. The inference which Mr. Gray draws from the evidence as it stands I cannot yet adopt, but must respect as perfectly logical, reasonable, and judicial—namely, that Shakspere was first and last a clever, genial business man, intent on retiring with a fortune, and regarding his own writings merely as so much work got through, paid for, and done with. Into an Appendix of near 100 pages Mr. Gray sweeps his odd scraps—forty-one papers, some trivial, others important, some short, others considerable chapters. His arrangement is queer enough; yet, artful or artless, somehow it pleases.

Mr. Gray is, after all, a professed "Shaksperian," and so his work is tainted with the damnable error of the sect—that it is very wicked to admit anything "derogatory to the character of the Poet." Unfortunately, most that has been gleaned about Shakspere's private life is painfully "derogatory"—at least, in the eyes of the highly respectable gentlemen who have the taste and leisure for fancy biography, who see the world through their study windows, and are tempted to no vices except a little fibbing and forgery. Hence their Lives of Shakspere are mostly tiresome studies in whitewash. At whatever cost the disreputable Bard must be somehow made meet for Clapham. Low extraction is "derogatory." Sift all the numerous Shaksperes, and concoct a family out of the most presentable. Glory in the thought that Papa was alderman of a tiny town. The authorities concur in saying that the Poet was a butcher's son and a butcher's apprentice. Oh, hush! so derogatory! And that he married at eighteen a woman of twenty-six, and "about eighteen" (Aubrey) "he ran from his master to London" (Dowdall), and the baby was born too soon,—and then all that gossip about poaching and drinking. Well, we must tackle these derogatories boldly and *secundum artem*, and even Mr. Gray is not the man to blench. Confronted by the "Anne Hathwey of Stratford" in the licence bond, and the "Anna Whateley de Temple Grafton" in the register, he suggests that the clerk must have confused her with a certain Parson

*"Shakespeare's Marriage and Departure from Stratford, and other Incidents in his Life." By J. W. Gray. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman and Hall.)

† I note two slips. P. 136. Gilbert Shakspere the second son, is called "the youngest of the family. P. 122. Rowe did not say "the top of his performance was his own *Hamlet*," but "the Ghost in his own *Hamlet*."

Whateley of Crowle, who had a lawsuit then pending, and that the "Temple Grafton" was a separate muddle. The Shottery Miss Hathaway being named Agnes, he repeats the argument that in those days Anne and Agnes were interchangeable. (I should like some proof before believing that in 1582 St. Anne and St. Agnes were forgotten.) He laboriously but vaguely argues that private betrothals and handfastings were then just as good as formal marriages. He even reverts fondly to the mediæval speculations on the possibility of a six months child. And, finally, he insinuates that perhaps after all Mrs. S. was no older than her husband, for her age on her tomb may be another error—those carvers are so careless. To all which I reply—What can we trust but the evidence? Reject it on its own merits, not because it does not fit your theories.

One of Mr. Gray's two main contentions, the poet's departure from Stratford as early as 1582 or 1583, I consider that he has proved conclusively, because here, though intent on whitewash and trifles, he also falls back on broad and reasonable views of life and character. To me this view has always seemed obvious, but all the Shaksperians (even Mr. Lee), in the teeth of the authorities, make Shakspere linger respectably and idly some years with his wife and family, as being less "derogatory." Surely ten years (1583-1593) is none too long to allow a rustic butcher-boy to rise to eminence as an actor, poet, and dramatist.

As to the other subject—the marriage—Mr. Gray has failed entirely in his avowed object of proving that there was "nothing discreditable to Shakspere or his wife." The Whateley mystery remains insoluble. Mr. Lee suggests the coincidence of two W. Shaksperes being licensed the same day. But then, as Mr. Gray points out, we find no bond for the Shaxpere-Whateley register, and no register for the Shagspere-Hathwey bond. Mr. Gray's clerical error is too improbable a solution. The key is no doubt some ugly business, or innocent fact, which we cannot guess. For we know nothing whatever about the fact, the date, the place, or the cause of Shakspere's marriage—nor does Mr. Gray. All his researches only tend to strengthen the theory which occurred to me while reading Mr. Lee, which I thought he was discreetly veiling, and which, however "derogatory," at least fits the evidence, and explains a good deal. It is this. One or both of the respectable "farmers," Mr. Sandells and Mr. Richardson, had taken an interest in Miss Hathwey, and, wishing to prevent a scandal, they pitched upon a certain stage-struck butcher boy. "You want to go up to London. We will give you a good start if you will just marry this woman." Mr. Shakspere, being in low water, knows nothing, or winks at it. The old gentlemen procure the licence by executing a bond for £40 (about £300 now), the wedding takes place quietly, and the youth "runs away from his master to London," as the parish clerk reported. The baby is then born and named Susannah, in compliment to the Two Elders. Derogatory! Yes, but many men have sacrificed more to gratify a noble ambition. The poor boy sees the world, realises his sacrifice, but as a philosopher accepts it, often comes home to his wife—perhaps loves and is loved—Susannah is a nice little thing—it was no fault of hers—he loves her as much as the twins, and provides handsomely for her at his death. A derogatory, disreputable story no doubt, but to my mind at least, pathetic, honourable, and truly Shaksperian. Do I believe it? No, because I have no proofs; though here are two which to the peculiar Stratfordian mind will seem convincing. Firstly, I remember an old Warwickshire butcher whose marriage story was similar, and the lady, a worthy old soul, had all the fluency of Rosalind with the port of Cleopatra. And, secondly, *Why Susannah*?

When shall we have an end to these futile biographers? They do not even see that the secret all lies in those ten years, which explain why the work of this half-educated rustic is often so faulty, mediocre, even contemptible, but not why it is sometimes so supremely great. Was it mere natural genius? No. Shakspere was no new light, but an heir of the world's wisdom. What was its channel? What the influence that made him a consummate master of philosophy and literary art at forty years? Was it a man, some known or obscure scholar and sage? Was it an Egeria? Did such influences begin in his boyhood? These are the mysteries we would fain solve, but never shall. As for the Fancy Biographers, I have a mind to cut them all out by choosing for my idol a personage of whom nothing is known, but whose career covers a long literary period. Just wait till I bring out my "Outlines of the Life of Methuselah. With facsimiles of the Original Documents. 10 vols., 8vo."

Y. Y.

PICTURES IN UMBRIA.*

It is no every-day achievement to produce a book of travels that may be read by stay-at-home folk for the interest and charm of its writing and carried about by the tourist as an entertaining and serviceable guide, and certainly no books in their kind more amply realise this ideal than do those of the well-known novelist Mrs. Katharine S. Macquoid. It is some thirty years since she published "In Normandy," the first of a series of chatty records of journeyings abroad and at home, to which "Pictures in Umbria" is a welcome and in every way worthy addition. Through Perugia, Assisi, and other such storied and beautiful hill cities of central Italy Mrs. Macquoid conducts us in these pleasantly informative pages, making us wise not only in their architectural glories, but in the life-stories and romances, the histories and legends that brood over them like an almost apparent cloud, or hover elusively about them like a fragrance. One gathers that Mrs. Macquoid has been no casual, flitting tourist through the Umbria she describes: she writes of it from a fulness of knowledge, intimately, and with an enthusiasm that has its roots in a genuine love of the old-world places and their dead and living people; she has obviously "lent her heart out with usury" to them, and they have repaid her a thousandfold with the memories and impressions that she has preserved for us here. The book is at once a vivid and varied panorama of things seen and a delightfully gossipy chronicle of those "things that have been and shall never be again," that have built up the towns and cities with which they are associated, and made them more real and more lasting than are their visible walls of brick and stone.

The volume, which is handsomely got up and dedicated to Lord Rosebery, is enriched with fifty admirable illustrations of architecture and scenery by Mr. Thomas R. Macquoid, R.I., and, excellent as Mr. Macquoid's work always is, we doubt if he has ever done anything finer in black and white than the best of these sketches.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

PROFESSOR COWAN'S "JOHN KNOX."†

The commemoration of the quater-centenary of Knox has been already signalised by the production of several new biographies of the great Reformer of Scotland. Of these recent works the most recent and the best is by Professor Cowan, of Aberdeen University. It is not distinguished by original research, nor can it be described as brilliant; but it is the fruit of a careful, conscientious, and sympathetic study of Knox's own works, and of the other available published sources of information. It naturally takes its place next to the earlier and much more copious biographies by Dr. M'Crie and Professor Hume Brown. Professor Cowan differs from them on various points, notably in leaning to the view that Knox was born not in 1505, but in 1513 or 1514; and in favouring the claim of St. Andrews instead of Glasgow University as his *alma mater*. He suggests that his reason for not taking the M.A. degree may have been his unwillingness to take the oath against the Lollards, which had been adopted in St. Andrews University a century before his time.

Professor Cowan has been unable to remove the obscurity which still enshrouds the early period of Knox's life; but he has given a very full and detailed account of his career, from his first appearance as the disciple and defender of Wishart, in the winter of 1545-6, until his own death in 1572. Of the Reformer and the great work he accomplished, he holds a highly favourable opinion. He regards his language as occasionally too strong, and is very far from

* "Pictures in Umbria." By Katharine S. Macquoid. Illustrated by Thomas R. Macquoid, R.I. 6s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

† "John Knox, the Hero of the Scottish Reformation." By Henry Cowan, D.D. 6s. (Putnam's Heroes of the Reformation Series.)

commending him for his post-approval of the slaughter of the Cardinal and of Riccio; but, making allowance for his circumstances and the necessities of the time, he defends him in not a few matters on which less considerate writers have condemned him.

In spite of his care, a few misprints and slips have crept into his pages. Peter *Carmichael* has become *Kirkmichael*. The twenty thousand men offered by Lesley to Mary, if she would land at Aberdeen, have dwindled down to ten thousand. King James the Sixth is said to have been crowned in the Greyfriars Church of Stirling, instead of in the parish church of that town. The Greyfriars Church has really disappeared, while the parish church, with which it has been confounded, still remains. Following Sir John Skelton, he makes Darnley spend his first night in Scotland at Lethington. A very inaccurate summary of Knox's inventory is given. In a foot-note the translation of Major's "Greater Britain" is ascribed to Sheriff Mackay instead of Mr. Constable; but in the copious list of authorities, compiled by Professor Jackson, Mr. Constable receives his due. In that list, however, the only work of Labanoff's which he includes is the "Lettres inédites de Marie Stuart," published in Paris in 1839, in one thin octavo volume, while Professor Cowan's references are to the later and larger "Recueil des Lettres de Marie Stuart," in seven volumes. The illustration of the Town Church of St. Andrews is described as "from an eighteenth-century print," whereas it is from an original drawing. These slips are of little consequence, and do not affect the substantial value of the book. The illustrations, it should be said, are interesting as well as numerous. They are all appropriate, and some of them are by no means common. D. HAY FLEMING.

PAINTED WALES.*

Those who know the country best, know that Wales is as emerald as Ireland, as oriental as Tangiers, and as overrun as an anthill. Parts of it, that is, can show these effects or characteristics, for one must add also that it is as various as Scotland itself. It follows that a painter who goes painting North Wales has to stand against a great temptation—the temptation of the flagrantly picturesque. But Mr. Fowler, who has found the country in colour in this handsome book, is not an artist of that kind. His motto is *similia similibus*. He enjoys being tempted, meets nature half-way in her most extravagant moods, and for one orgy of colour prescribes another. No doubt he really and clearly saw all that here he has so positively depicted, and one result will be that his pictures will, unless we are greatly mistaken, leave Wales more overrun this season than ever.

The same praise, if praise it is, cannot be offered to his more reticent prose collaborator. Mr. Thomas laughs in his sleeve at the view-hunters, and what an expressive old lady on the Welsh coast, who lived by their follies, called the "tow-rows." They ask for glamour, sunsets, esplanades, castles; and he smilingly escorts them instead to a farm-house in a shy place that no one ever heard of. There, instead of the antique heroes of Wales, whose names are grown too loud and familiar for an intimate and a personal impressionism—instead of Llewelyn the Great and Llewelyn the Last, and Owain Glyndwr, he introduces his guests to "Llewelyn the Bard," and "Mr. Jones the Minister," and Pritchard the poacher and other amiably incongruous creatures. Of another of these Welsh types, or rather Welsh exceptions, he says, after recalling his declamatory preaching: "At other times his words rise up and make fantastic architecture, as real as dreams, for the terror of the soul that for the time is forced to dwell therein. And though the substance of his sermon is but anecdote, biblical reference, exhortation, warning, picturesque logic, men and women weep under this divine bullying." And of the poacher: "And he was a good poacher, glorying in the name. He died polishing the white steel in his gun." The strange thing about the two authors of this Welsh colour-book is that they have both looked on the country with their own eyes. But with what an interesting, tantalising difference have they painted her! E. RHYS.

* "Beautiful Wales." Painted by Robert Fowler, R.I.; described by Edward Thomas. 20s. net. (A. and C. Black.)

Novel Notes.

LOVE IN JUNE. By Keble Howard. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)

Summer and roses, cupids and gardens, blossoms and streams and varied rusticity; these are the pleasant things we have grown to associate with Mr. Keble Howard's name as an author. He is a Fragonard of the pen. The gay, holiday spirit penetrates into his pages. Little difficulties there may be in his love affairs, just enough to quicken his summer picture to a reflection of moving life, but never a tragedy slips in, and never an offending word slips out. Gossamer gaiety is what he chiefly spins for us. A little patch of pathos, perhaps, or a thread or so of deep feeling we glimpse from time to time; but we are left in the end well pleased with the course of true love, and content that the very obstacles shall be gently smoothed away rather than ruthlessly destroyed. "Love in June" is concerned with a genial artist and a taciturn miller, and a good, pretty girl who loves them both, but not equally. Mr. Howard is a writer of pastorals, not a reproducer of laboured "local colour," and his volume is sure to find a place in the holiday luggage, for even indoors on a wet day "Love in June" will be found capable of creating an "atmosphere" appropriate to the season.

MID THE THICK ARROWS. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

In "Mid the Thick Arrows" Mr. Max Pemberton departs from the particular kind of theme which he has made his own, and gives an effective, if somewhat depressing, picture of present-day London society life, with all its hollowness and shams. Mr. Pemberton does not "preach," but he makes very clear what he thinks of the society butterflies of to-day—the restaurant-dining, bridge-playing women of the "Smart Set." "What we used to call the sanctity of home," says one of the characters—a rich, business man, married to a flighty lady of title—"is unknown except to the dull middle classes." The book, however, does not concern itself exclusively with reflecting society life; there is, as Mr. Pemberton's large following will not be surprised to hear, an ingenious and excellent plot. The brilliant flirting lady, who is rarely or ever in her own home, is the rich man's second wife. His first was a Spanish dancer, a woman of great beauty, whom he had married in his early rash Californian days. He understood her to be dead—the victim of an accident in a Paris music-hall—but learns after his second marriage that she is still alive, a fact that comes also to the knowledge of the lady who believes herself to be his wife. How the story develops after this point must be found from the book. Not till the very end does the full solution of the complicated problem become clear. The whole tale is racily told, and the craftsmanship is that of the old literary hand. The characters are clear-cut and well done, particularly satisfactory being a young spendthrift, Percy, Earl of Alcester, who breakfasts on a glass of champagne with a dash of brandy. Graceful full-page pen drawings are provided by Mr. Fred Pegram, who is well suited by a society subject.

THE ROSE BROCADE. By Mrs. Philip Champion de Crespigny. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

In her latest venture, "The Rose Brocade," Mrs. Champion de Crespigny has given us a very vivid picture of life in the days when George I. was king. The heroine, Miss Desborough, describes her life with all the freshness and vivacity which are possible only to youth and the subtle strength of first impressions. For her the word blasé has no meaning. She possesses enthusiasm, the one unquestionable sign of an unspoilt nature. Very fascinating indeed are the glimpses she gives us of the gay life at Leicester House with its magnificent balls and splendid receptions. Very realistic in contrast are the scenes of disorder in Threadneedle Street where "there was hardly a class of society that lacked a representative in the scramble for gold." She wins our hearts at the outset by the spirit with which she meets the difficulties which beset her while maid of honour to the princess, and carries all our sympathy with her by the unfailing pluck and determination with which she faces the ever-increasing perplexities of the position in which a mischievous fate has

placed her. Mrs. Champion de Crespigny has, in fact, given us a very breezy little romance with plenty of action, no lack of good repartee, and a well maintained interest from beginning to end. While we pay ready tribute to the charm and fascination of the style, we cannot but feel that in the example of her art now before us there is an obvious roughness of plan and want of finish. The movement is almost too rapid. Much good incident is left undeveloped, and the plot would have repaid more careful handling. These faults, although they may easily be avoided, cannot but detract from the value of a novel. At the same time this is not, of course, the type of work in which we look either for depth in character-study or subtlety of construction, and we are loth to criticise a book which will most deservedly find many delighted readers.

THE COUNTRY HOUSE PARTY. By Dora Sigerson Shorter. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

The country house party numbered eight, mostly men, and they sat in the smoking-room after dinner. The house and the dinner were to some extent answerable for the sheaf of stories told by the party—place and hour meaning so much to a *raconteur*. But beyond this the house and the party do not count for much; the stories are distinct and dramatic enough to stand alone, and the story-tellers and their surroundings are somewhat forgotten between whiles in the interest of the themes. Mrs. Shorter is always and first of all a poet; she sees her scenes and situations with a poet's eyes, and her fertile imagination surprises her readers as she passes from an introspective tale of a soul's stifling to a tale of callous flirtation, from a laughable Irish anecdote to a vivacious account of a clever swindle, from a love tragedy in low life to a crime in a boudoir, or a doubtful crime, or, again, a criminal checked. One story, that of the two girls and the broken string of pearls, leaves us in much the same state of mind as did Frank Stockton's famous question "The Lady or the Tiger?" Real pearls were scattered, false ones were picked up—so it seemed. The story is baffling, unsettling, and the girls seem to be left always before us awaiting our verdict. With a facile pen and a vivid imagination Mrs. Shorter keeps her country house party from their beds till any hour in the morning; countless readers will probably find that her volume has the same stimulating effect upon themselves.

BELLAMY THE MAGNIFICENT. By Roy Horniman. 6s. (Chatto.)

In his earlier novel, "That Fast Miss Blount," Mr. Roy Horniman was clever and very amusing, but his manner and methods were occasionally more than a little crude. "Bellamy the Magnificent" is to the full as amusing as its predecessor, and in point of construction is a much more skilful piece of work. The story is of high society—of the shallowest and least reputable section of high society; its characters are soulless creatures, who are as deficient in sincerity of feeling as they are in morals; and its style may not be brilliant, but it is undeniably smart. Bellamy describes himself as being "a little Eastern in my habits; I should have been born in Turkey. Any little faults I may have are geographical, not moral," and in practice he amply justifies the description. The book wants nothing but an occasional touch of seriousness to humanise its people and make its irresponsible flippancies the more effective, the less likely to pall upon the reader. Withal, the whole thing is extremely diverting, and an easy popularity may safely be predicted for it.

THE WISE WOODS. By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Mrs. Dudeney is one of our sincerest writers of fiction. She cares for her theme, and more than for her theme she cares for her characters. She is not so much concerned with what one terms "plot," as with wide issues of life—things which we begin to read as well-observed details, and gradually realise to be great, moving forces working slowly towards large effects. There are in Mrs. Dudeney's methods resemblances to those of Thomas Hardy—a simple, unconventional leading to a striking termination, a working with seemingly common material, and showing it fine in nature, or perhaps, gross in nature, but never commonplace in influence. In "The Wise Woods" the central figure is Vashti, the child of a fervent High-Church vicar, and a glowing, gipsy heathen. Vashti enjoys and suffers from the conflicting strains in her blood, and whether she is wild and untamed in the wise woods, or living economically at Clapton with her lovable but somewhat unsatisfactory husband on an income which just enables them to "wriggle round their bills," she is interesting, always uncommon, very much alive, very much herself, and, one feels, capable of anything at any moment. We know Mrs. Dudeney of old when she is dealing with the suburbs; we know no one who can do it better. In a sentence she shows us the deadliness of a district, in a paragraph an interior is indelibly fixed for us. Petty life, sordid or pretentious, is flicked into our focus as by a photographic camera, and all the while the big events move up slowly, and tragedy and comedy retain their just proportions. "The Wise Woods" is a book with power in it, and an originality which is free from affectation.

IN THE ARENA: Stories of Political Life. By Booth Tarkington. 6s. (John Murray.)

If it is true that to expose is to purify, then there can be no possible doubt that the author of "In the Arena" is justified in writing these tales of American political life. He has not shirked his task. Surely one which nobody would choose unless actuated to do so by the gravest purpose. We take for granted that Mr. Tarkington's stories are founded upon a direct knowledge of fact, and that their author has convinced himself of the reality of the corruption which he describes. Without this assurance such attacks are obviously inexcusable. Considered as studies from the life, some of the sketches are fine pieces of work. There is a simple pathos in the story of Bertha and her Dago lover which it is difficult to overestimate. Hers is not a sorrow which confines itself to any particular arena. It has no fatherland—neither is it any respecter of persons. Its voice is heard wherever men greedy with the lust of gain are given a free hand to play havoc with the joy of innocent lives. Though in many cases the impression left is undoubtedly a sad one, Mr. Tarkington's stories are not written in any pessimistic strain. His sketches illustrate once more the inseparable intermingling of good and evil which appears inevitably in all true pictures of life. Even in the midst of such unfavourable surroundings as he depicts, men learn the great virtues. Farwell Knowles learnt humility. "I reckon the best thing that ever happened to you is having to come here this morning to ask mercy of a man you looked down on," says Boss Gorgett. Undoubtedly Boss Gorgett was right. Alonzo Rawson was convinced of the straitness of the gate and the narrowness of the way in the arena of American politics, but there are few men who have not at some time in their lives learned to pray with him, "O Lord Almighty. Aid Thou me to see my way more clear! I find it hard to tell right from wrong, and I find myself beset with tangled wires. O God, I feel that I am ignorant, and fall into many devices. These are strange paths wherein Thou hast set my feet, but I feel that through Thy help and through great anguish I am learning!" In "Hector" we have a personification of self-absorbed ambition, and in striking contrast to this, glimpses of Mel Bickner's touchingly beautiful life of cheerful self-sacrifice. Altogether the book is remarkable for vivid portrayal of character, combined with a more than ordinary faithfulness to the stern facts of life.

AT SUNRISE. By Herbert Spurrell. 6s. (Greening and Co., Ltd.)

Going back to British history in the second quarter of the first century A.D., Mr. Spurrell makes a plot out of the Phœnician trader, the conquering Roman, the noble savage, man and maid, and the mystic Druid. The story is not uninteresting, and has some swing and verve, but the style is that of a beginner or of one who writes "currente calamo." That fact is most noticeable when modern colloquialisms suddenly bump against the bombastic periods ascribed by novelists' tradition to the conversational Roman.

THE TRANSGRESSION OF ANDREW VANE. By Guy Wetmore Carryl. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The American colony in Paris is declared by a clever character in this brilliant and clever story to be "as much

like America as a cold veal cutlet with its gravy coagulated—if you've ever seen *that!*—is like the same thing fresh off the grill." But this is unjust to the colony itself, as Mr. Carryl depicts it. Andrew Vane, a clean young American, who comes over to win the heart of Miss Palffy, soon discovers himself in a society where piquant and even poisonous ingredients are at his lip. Mademoiselle Tremonceau, a beautiful Parisian *cocotte*, diverts him for a time from his quest, and his transgression need not be further indicated. One does not feel quite convinced by Margery Palffy's treatment of her lover. But the rest of the book is a considerable success of its kind. Mr. Carryl has handled a risky subject with no unnecessary frankness, though he has not written for maidens and boys. Evidently he knows Paris. He writes dialogue with a nimbleness that is unusual even among American novelists. And the general tone of the story is finer than its subject might indicate.

The Bookman's Table.

PENTHESILEA. By Laurence Binyon. 3s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

There are many pessimists abroad in these days who assure us in print and in public speeches that they never read modern poetry because it is not worth reading; and, of course, until they make acquaintance with what they despise, they can never know any better. A reading of Mr. Laurence Binyon's work should be sufficient in itself to make them suspect that they are mistaken. There is something of authentic greatness in his "Death of Adam," nor is that same rare quality absent from his new volume, "Penthesilea." Here again his theme is epic, of a widely different type, but handled with the same touch of creative genius, the same imaginative intensity, the same restrained passion of feeling. The story is of how, on the death of Hector, Penthesilea, the Amazon queen, came with her woman warriors to Troy, resolved on making atonement for the having unwittingly slain her own sister, by throwing away her life in battle with the victorious Achilles. Her entry into the desolate Troy under the wondering gaze of Hector's widowed Andromache, is pictured with an exquisitely poetical realism. She rides out against the Greeks, and at last, when his myrmidons are retreating, Achilles goes forth to meet her, scornfully and reluctantly, because she is a woman.

> "Achilles' face was dark, yet lightning lit;
> And all the ruthless eagle in his soul
> Called instant for her death;"

she spurns his warnings, and being forced to defend himself, he kills her; and then as she lies dying in his arms she conquers him, for he is filled with love of her. Mr. Binyon's style is reticent and dignified; his lines have at times a stately and marmoreal beauty, and at times a glowing tenderness that harmonise sensitively with the changing moods of his narrative.

SLAVERY. By Bart Kennedy. 6s. (Treherne.)

Mr. Kennedy strikes the keynote of his book in its somewhat lurid title. The life of the very poor in a Midland manufacturing town is sketched with much power, but the general effect is weakened by the constant straining after effect. Mr. Kennedy is too sensational in his methods, and his style is frequently merely jerky where it is meant to be forcible. The writer reminds us of the conscientious actor who blacked himself all over to play "Othello." Mr. Kennedy has (metaphorically) blacked himself all over. He is a revolutionist even in punctuation. It may be consistent but it is not literature, and no cause was ever advanced by the omission of main verbs or new gospel successfully preached in the style of a sixpenny telegram. A style which alternately suggests Kipling at his worst and Mr. Jingle at his best may be effective in small doses in a daily paper, but it inevitably becomes monotonous when it is spread over three hundred pages. If Mr. Kennedy was an ordinary journalist, his style would be his own concern or his publisher's; but as he is very far from being an ordinary man it is much to be regretted that he has wilfully sacrificed so much of his legitimate effect. For "Slavery," with all its faults, is a striking piece of work. It is a striking study of the submerged class in the great manufacturing centres, written by a man who has passed through all the misery which he describes. Mr. Kennedy knows from personal experience what a mockery the childhood of the "half-timer" is. His writing bears the unmistakable stamp of personal knowledge. In spite of its exaggeration, "Slavery" may fairly be called a "human document." It is a bitter indictment of a social system which allows men and women to be born and nurtured under conditions which make vice and misery their inevitable and only inheritance. Crude and violent as it is, Mr. Kennedy's book is one which students of social problems cannot afford to miss.

BRET HARTE. By Henry W. Boynton. 1s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

One may rejoice in the unsparing frankness with which Mr. Boynton has handled the biographical details of his subject, and yet regret that something of the glamour which has gathered about the name of Bret Harte should be so rudely dissipated. In Mr. Boynton's picture of him he makes a very human but not at all an heroic and not always an admirable figure. Such candour in a monograph of this kind, such a belittling both of the man and his work, is unusual and rather disquieting, but that it is preferable to the fulsome and unlimited praise that has been the fashion in critical biographies of late is incontestable. Perhaps in his anxiety not to over-estimate the genius of Bret Harte Mr. Boynton has gone to the other extreme and undervalued it, for to conclude summarily "he was not a consummate artist, he was not a commanding personality. One thing he did admirably, and the world is in no danger of forgetting him," hardly strikes one as adequate. Nevertheless, that is Mr. Boynton's opinion, and he paves the way to it with a sincerity and a confidence that, at least, entitle him to it. The book, which is the latest addition to Mr. Heinemann's Contemporary Men of Letters series, is written concisely, and is altogether an able and extremely interesting piece of work.

THE POEMS OF ERNEST DOWSON. 5s. net. (Lane.)

There could be no juster, kinder, more largely sympathetic estimate of Ernest Dowson's broken life and the handful of poetical exotics he has left us than Mr. Arthur Symons has written in the admirable and poignant memoir with which he prefaces this collected edition of Dowson's poems. "In these few evasive, immaterial snatches of song," says Mr. Symons, "I find, implied for the most part, hidden away like a secret, all the fever and turmoil and the unattained dreams of a life which had itself so much of the swift, disastrous and suicidal impetus of genius." Through almost all Dowson's verse runs a depressing note of life-weariness, a sighing of vain regrets, a wailing of farewells, but among much that is slight and trivial, much that "has the pathos of things too young and too frail ever to grow old," are one or two exquisite lyrics, notably that with the melancholy refrain, "I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion," which are reasonably sure of something like immortality. The book contains four illustrations by Aubrey Beardsley, and a portrait by Mr. William Rothenstein.

SPRING IN A SHROPSHIRE ABBEY. By Lady C. Milnes Gaskell. 9s. net. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

Many men have the power of appreciating the grandeur of nature in her wild and stormy moods. Comparatively few pay homage to the beauty of her calm. Most men can feel the spirit of strength which pervades the great mountains, while it is given to a very limited number to recognise the same infinite majesty in the grass of the field, which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven. To these few only can the greater part of Lady Milnes Gaskell's book, "Spring in a Shropshire Abbey," appeal. Her pages show an intimate knowledge of plant life and a pure delight in flower culture which have their own peculiar charm. There is no sense of monotony and no lack of occupation in the life which she depicts. Yet the interests to be found in the depth of the country lie so remote from the path which most men have to tread, that in any book of this type the need of a keen human interest soon makes itself felt. In "Spring in a Shropshire Abbey" this need is very happily supplied by the saving presence of a little child. The springtime of

human life has the same freshness in town or country, suburb or slum. Where could the child be found who would not agree that fields are preferable to gardens, for the very practical reason that in fields there are fewer don'ts? Where could you find a mother who has not had to learn that "At seven a pug-pup may seem almost a fairy prince or possess all the gifts of the philosopher's stone"? Beautiful scenery, quaint folk-lore, old-world customs, all these find a place in Lady Milnes Gaskell's pages—all are described with an undeniable charm of style which must win many admirers. Will there be perhaps some readers who will feel with us a glow of sympathy as there echoes across the old red-walled garden a little voice, shrill with the healthy impatience of childhood, "Mums, we couldn't think where you was gone, but don't bother about little spikes and green things, for Mouse and I want you badly"?

THE PERTH INCIDENT OF 1396. By Dr. R. C. Maclagan. 5s. net. (Blackwood.)

Pinkerton, in his "History of Scotland," disposed of the clan-battle at Perth in a brief paragraph. The only authorities to whom he deigned to refer were Wyntoun and Bower. In his opinion, "the modern improvements, or corruptions, of the tale are beneath notice," and originated "with Lesley and Buchanan." Hill Burton, on the other hand, gave nearly three pages to the same incident, which, in the interval, had attained a new importance through the use Sir Walter made of it in "The Fair Maid of Perth." And now, spurred on by an enthusiasm well-nigh unparalleled, Dr. Maclagan has devoted to its elucidation a goodly octavo volume of four hundred pages! The subject is dealt with from the folk-lore point of view, and that apparently admits of considerable laxity of treatment. A captious critic might be apt to say that the greater part of the volume is made up of irrelevant matter. The matter is certainly very diversified, and anyone who goes through it conscientiously will acquire a vast amount of miscellaneous information. In the first chapter, extracts are given from Wyntoun, Fordun, Major, Buchanan, Lesley, and other writers, to show the early forms of the story. Curiously enough, through following a bad translation of Buchanan, that historian is made to say that three hundred instead of thirty fought on each side; but Buchanan wrote *triceni*, not *treceni*. By a clerical slip in one place Dr. Maclagan represents Bower as terming one of the clans Clan Hay instead of Clan Kay; and, by another slip, he refers to Bower as the editor of Wyntoun instead of the editor of Fordun.

HISTORY OF THE CONGREGATIONS OF THE UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. By Robert Small, D.D. Vol. ii. 12s. 6d. (Edinburgh: D. M. Small.)

Since Dr. Small's second volume on the History of the U.P. Congregations was published (the first of which was noticed in these columns at the time) the accomplished and painstaking author has passed away. One is glad that he lived to complete the work, and to see so much loving and laborious toil reaping its due reward. No one is likely to touch the subject again, and Dr. Small's volumes must remain the great mine for all future investigators. Vol. ii. deals with the Presbyteries ranging from G to S—those of Glasgow and Greenock occupying about a third of the book. An excellent Appendix concerns itself with the "Church Case in the light of Secession and Relief history." We have gone carefully over much of Dr. Small's work, and found comparatively few errors—none of any special consequence—whilst the number of interesting little sidelights on the careers of many of the divines who are here enshrined is particularly refreshing. No student of dissent in Scotland can afford to do without these volumes, and at the present juncture the ministers of both sections of the United Church will be sure to find them singularly useful and instructive.

LHASA AND ITS MYSTERIES. By L. A. Waddell. 25s. net. (John Murray.)

In these days of high-pressure journalism the first-comer is apt to win an unfair advantage, and it is to be feared that Colonel Waddell's book may be handicapped by the fact that other books on the same subject, written by correspondents with none of his special knowledge, have had several months' start. The Thibet expedition has produced a large crop of "experts" on the Forbidden Land, but few, if any, of the men who took part in the expedition started with a better equipment than Colonel Waddell. For some years he has been recognised as one of the leading authorities on Buddhism, and he has missed no opportunity of studying Thibetan customs. This special knowledge saved Colonel Waddell from many of the errors in which the more hastily-written narratives of the special correspondents abound. The scientific accuracy of this book, the outcome of the patient study of the religion and customs of the Thibetan people and of the natural history of the country, will give it a permanent value, when the more brilliant but ephemeral "impressions" of the journalists have been forgotten. To other writers Thibet has formed merely the background for the history of the expedition, to Colonel Waddell the expedition was important mainly as a chance of studying Thibet. One of the few members of the expedition acquainted with the Thibetan language, Colonel Waddell was to a large extent verifying information already acquired, either by intercourse with the numerous Thibetans in Northern India or through his acquaintance with the "Survey Spies" made famous by "Kim," while others were learning their lesson for the first time. "Lhasa and its Mysteries" is worthy of the high reputation for careful research which the Indian Medical Service has long enjoyed, and its value is enhanced by an abundance of excellent photographs. Photography may or may not be an art, but its importance as a recording instrument is beyond question.

CATHERINE DE MEDICI AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By Edith Sichel. 15s. (Constable.)

Few figures in history are more perplexing than Catherine de Medici. Cruel, treacherous, and relentlessly ambitious, Catherine was at the same time remarkable for her chastity in a licentious age, and a good mother to her children. During her childhood, if childhood it could be called, she was a pawn on the political chessboard. Her marriage was a political "deal," carried out by a scheming Pope, and the union was embittered by her husband's undisguised preference for the famous Diane de Poitiers. After her husband's death, Catherine, hitherto neglected and seemingly insignificant, became the mistress of France, and made herself infamous for all time by her share in the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Eve. Miss Sichel can hardly be said to make any attempt to "whitewash" Catherine. Such an attempt would reduce history to a meaningless, paradoxical absurdity. But she contends that Catherine's character is apt to be judged too exclusively with reference to this one act, which (in Miss Sichel's words) "was not a deliberate plan, but a forcing of her hand through her own short-sightedness." This may be historically sound; but to attribute a colossal crime, "the most heinous conception ever imagined by a woman," is not to excuse it, and Catherine will always remain one of the most repellent women in history. Miss Sichel's work is painstaking and thorough; she has availed herself of all the principal sources of information, and she writes with admirable impartiality. But the book lacks life and imagination. It leaves no very clear impression upon the mind. Taken in detail, each statement is accurate enough, but the sum total is rather a mechanical catalogue of qualities and actions than a vivid portrait of a human being. Perhaps Miss Sichel disdains any appeal to the fancy or to the emotions. There is no doubt much to be said for such an estimate of the function of a historian. A judicial summary of the evidence for and against is useful to the historian; but it is the material of history and not literature in itself.

RECOLLECTIONS AND LETTERS OF GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE. By his son, Captain Robert E. Lee. 12s. 6d. net. (Archibald Constable and Co.)

The greater part of this book consists of General Lee's letters to his family extending over the last decade of his life, 1860-1870. His son succeeds in showing us, as indeed is generally known, that Lee was a man of an exceptionally sane and noble type, but it is to be doubted if the minutiae of family correspondence or the frequently pointless anecdotes set forth in filial enthusiasm contribute to hold the reader's interest. No doubt, however, the book will have its value as giving additional light on the period which the Americans never cease illuminating. General Lee himself took the first steps to write a history of his campaigns, and besides filling the gap which ultimately he left, the son is able to show how zealously he strove to obliterate all the traces and the rancours of the Civil War.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. ROUTLEDGE AND SONS.

A collection of over a hundred "sailors' poems" has been gathered together by E. C. Ommaney under the title **True to the Flag** (1s. net). The little anthology is very atractive, and contains a considerable number of recent copyright poems. Of some of the selections it is hard to see the relevancy. Montgomery's "Prayer," Wotton's "How happy is he born or taught," Henry IV.'s "Soliloquy on Sleep," and Graham of Gartmore's "To My Lady," are surely not among the best hundred and fifteen "sailors' poems"!

MR. ALSTON RIVERS.

It is his cheerful vivacity which we have heretofore chiefly admired in Mr. Thomas Cobb's novels. There has been always so much spirit in his half-laughing narration that we have not missed in him the more solid qualities of the story-teller. Mr. Cobb, himself, however, may have seen that this mere pleasant frothiness should not be offered too often, and in his new book, **The Friendships of Veronica** (6s.), he has introduced a strong political situation and some genuine feeling. The author's hand is still light, his dialogue is what is known as "crisp" nowadays, and one at least of Veronica's friends has the courage to say and do the ridiculous thing. But Veronica herself has known grief and does know serious pity and distracting doubt. The Home Secretary (one of Veronica's friends) has one ugly spot in his past and a passionate heart at the present, and into the lives of quite a large circle a big occasion arises which to some of our inner circle is fraught with dread and danger. "The Friendships of Veronica" have all the charm of Mr. Cobb's old manner of presentment, with, in addition, an exciting situation and an imperially important (on paper) issue.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON AND CO.

The anonymous authoress of the latest diatribe against man (which, naturally, she calls **The Truth About Man**) (5s.) is a lady of large and cosmopolitan experience. She has been vouchsafed inner glimpses of the consciousness of at least fifty-seven different men, who have made love to her, more or less. Whether the men or the love were "more or less," is a point we need not stop to press; it is sufficient to know that the swains were varied and, apparently, not of winning manners—at least, not lastingly so. The lady, taking a backward survey over her corrugated past, claims to have a mission in life—first, to show man to himself (a heartless performance); secondly to show innocent young spinsters how to deal with him (probably a thankless one). Man, it seems, is neither admirable within nor pleasant to look upon, and the innocent spinster is urged to content herself with platonics. Naturally, a reviewer is more interested in "the writing man" than in any other specimen, so it is some small shred of comfort to find that although the American is the most delightful lover of all, the much loved lady acknowledges that the "writing man can be the most enthralling companion in the world." . . He can also be "brilliant, dazzling, and an hour in his company is like one of those electric baths we get in foreign towns." After this, though, as man, he may be called greedy, selfish, boorish, a waterfly, faithless, cruel, and the wearer of a black jam pot on his head, he may also in his darker hours remember the electric baths we get in foreign towns, and as a writing man hold up his head, black jam pot and all, with renewed hope.

MESSRS. CHATTO AND WINDUS.

The Poet and the Pierrot (3s. 6d.) were rivals, and Pierrette was the most bewitching little brunette that ever shocked a conventional village and defied "county" society. The Poet was "county," so, for that matter, was Pierrot; but Pierrot had seceded, and joined a troupe of holiday performers. The story of Pierrette and her sister—who were also well born—of their life in the village where Pierrette's sister, who wrote serial stories for her living, was recovering from illness, their encounters with the "county," and the tangles of their heart affairs is never dull reading. Pierrette would enliven any book as vividly as her small rose-coloured figure did that of any spot she happened to choose. But Pierrette felt that there was no lasting quality in her love; she warned her lovers of this quite honestly, and she herself was often miserable over the pain she gave and the mistakes she made. The story is concerned with the mistakes which Pierrette foresaw and one mistake which she did not foresee; and Pierrette's creator, Miss Dorothea Deakin, has told it in a very delicate, compelling manner.

MESSRS. ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND CO.

A rather misleading title, but a very charming book, is **A Garden of Eden**, by Miss Edith A. Barnett (5s. net). The little feminine Adam and her sister Eve lived, it seems, at Kempton Park some years gone by, and out of their young observations has been woven a pretty piece of reminiscence. There were games and punishments, misunderstandings and accidents in the garden, also greater events are told of, and the manner in which they appealed to young imaginations. The Indian Mutiny raged when Eve was a tiny girl, and the well at Cawnpore was a haunting terror; also, the Royal wedding of 1863 was an occasion for going to Gravesend pier to watch the bride come home, and for following the Royal pair up to London to see the illuminations. Among visitors to the Garden of Eden was an old sewing-woman who, during her stay, rose superior to all others by reason of the fact that she had, once upon a time, kissed His Majesty King Edward VII. Treason it may have been, but it was an achievement; and the fact of the august infant's helplessness seems to have in no way detracted from the glory of the reminiscence. But the book is mainly composed of child-doings and thinkings, in every case it is the child point of view, and as such is a refreshing addition to that class of literature which we connect in our minds with the "day-books" of an earlier period.

The romance of cattle driving is presented in a curiously interesting tale by Andy Adams, **The Outlet** (6s.). It is entirely concerned with the serious state of affairs in Texas, when thousands of head of cattle were grazing upon the land, and ever increasing in number, and no outlet could be found for them. Attempt after attempt had been made, and had failed. In the face of the railway obstacles, Don Lovell declared he would drive his cattle, and drive them he did. With no attempt at plot or love interest, Mr. Adams has kept his narrative well in hand as an account of adventures faced and dangers overcome, of rogues outwitted and brave men triumphing. In these pages a cattle drive becomes a glowing crusade, and boys and business men, hard riders and cattle farmers will mark this book for their own. Its very illustrations are enough to make them catch their breath.

MR. GEORGE ALLEN.

In a small volume of essays Mr. A. E. Manning Foster writes of the finer feelings of life, the more valuable sides of human nature, the more essential instincts. The collection bears the title of **The Sensitive** (3s. 6d. net), from the initial essay of the two-and-twenty which go to complete it. In this the privileges and strength of the sensitive nature are pointed out in simple but admirably arresting style, and we are made to see that it is from this nature the great, unexpected deed most often comes. The pieces of writing are all short and pithy; the subjects, which are attractive and suggestive, are freshly treated; new aspects are offered in a few well-chosen words, and a depth of thought, and, perhaps, a certain not unpleasing preciosity are revealed with pleasant unexpectedness.

MR. ANDREW MELROSE.

An altogether encouraging volume for any girl who has as much as a patch of ground to call her own is **A Girl's Garden**, by M. M. Rankin (2s. net). In it are to be found not only good, ordinary instruction for the management of town and country plots, old gardens and new ones, comparatively large stretches and quite humble strips, but also a number of practical hints which are constantly found lacking even in those detailed volumes which profess to tell the beginner everything he need know—such as the airing and mixing of the soil of a bed for bulbs, the time to lift the bulbs, how to dry them and keep them, and which to leave in the ground. It tells also how to keep cuttings during the winter without a greenhouse or even a frame. Countless are the hints it gives, indeed. The volume will prove a revelation to girls of small means and little room tor elaborate garden arrangements.

MR. JOHN LANE.

An uncommon garden-book in some ways is **My Garden in the City of Gardens** (6s.), for it treats of gardening in India, of exported flower-seeds, and of growths of which we in England have no experience. In another way the volume has the characteristic which now seems to be common to most so-called garden-books, viz., it strays from its advertised theme and meanders along among such subjects as calling, hand-shakes, flirtations, rumours of European ladies and children incarcerated by natives since the days of the Mutiny, and many other irrelevant topics. The volume is a decidedly pleasant gossip-book, brightly written, and giving in its easy, intimate fashion, much insight into every-day life in India.

MR. JOHN MURRAY.

A happy idea carried to excellent completion by very competent hands is the best description of **The Year of Trafalgar**, by Henry Newbolt (5s. net). It is not likely that this year of splendid memory will find a worthier literary tribute than this delightful volume. Mr. Newbolt's is much more than a familiar story, gracefully retold. He has made an exhaustive study of all the details of the Naval Campaign of 1805, and his narrative is of distinct historical value. Mr. Newbolt, as might have been expected, writes with deliberate sobriety and restraint. Great deeds are best told simply, and the last glorious chapter in the life of Nelson needs no literary embellishment. Mr. Newbolt has evaded every danger besetting a task full of difficulty. He is not laboured, nor pedantic, nor sentimental. He tells the great story in a direct and manly way, eminently befitting the subject. His is a book which every boy should read in "Nelson's year," and no Briton of any age will read it unmoved. It was a happy thought to add to the narrative an anthology of Trafalgar poetry. It is a little curious, as Mr. Newbolt points out, how our greatest warlike achievements have received scant treatment from our poets. The "Victory" has been less fortunate than "The Revenge" or "The Temeraire." Strange that it did not rouse the war-bugle of Campbell to an immortal strain. Of all the verses, Mr. Newbolt's own are perhaps the best. Some day, we trust, he will give us a song of Nelson to rank in all future patriotic anthologies with his incomparable "Drake's Drum," "The Fighting Temeraire," and "The Ballad of the Bold Menelaus."

MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.

In English literary and dramatic circles there were few better loved or known American names than that of Laurence Hutton, of Princeton, whose recent death ended innumerable friendships in two continents. Hutton, himself of Scottish descent, was something of an American Mæcenas, a man of many hobbies,

with a genius for friendship, and a passionate love of the mother country, of whose literary topography he was a master. The old streets of London and of Edinburgh were more familiar to him than the environs of New York. What may be called an autobiography of this very delightful journalist is contained in **Talks in a Library with Laurence Hutton,** by Isabel Moore (10s. 6d.). Mr. Hutton desired a phonograph into which to dictate his reminiscences. His publishers acceded to his wish by introducing to him Miss Moore, who has "Boswellised," with conspicuous success. The difficulty of the work is obvious, and we congratulate Miss Moore on having produced a book that is not only very readable and delightful, but one that patently justifies its existence. For Mr. Hutton's life was a remarkable one in many ways. Its range is indicated when we say that this book includes a spirited description of Dickens's readings in America, and a charming account of Helen Keller. Within the period bounded by these names, there is scarcely a celebrity in the literary or dramatic world who does not appear on this crowded stage, and of whom some good story or kindly reminiscence is not recorded. The book, from the circumstances of its origin, is a little formless. But it is none the less delightful, and it is remarkable for the entire absence of a single ill-natured word. Naturally, there are some errors in detail. Scottish peasants were never paid by "bowls" of meal; there is no "Killconguhar" in Fifeshire; and Burns knew no "Clorinda."

MESSRS. DUCKWORTH AND CO.

Professor Charles Richet and Sir Oliver Lodge vouch for the ability and good faith of Dr. J. Maxwell, of Bordeaux, the author of **Metapsychical Phenomena,** which now appears in an English translation (10s. net). Metapsychics is the excellent new term suggested by Professor Richet for the study of those mental phenomena which form, as Sir Oliver Lodge puts it, a territory, but not a scientific State. The value of the book is vitiated by the method which has been deliberately adopted. That is to say, the many curious phenomena recorded are not supported by detailed evidence. No one will doubt an author's good faith which is so well attested. But in such a pseudo-science, where the openings to fraud are necessarily numerous, the necessity of submitting evidence to the most severe tests is absolutely imperative. The work is very readable, and to many will prove of fascinating interest. But it cannot hope to help forward "metapsychics" to a place among recognised sciences.

It is not on the whole a very pleasing picture of army life which is described by Lady Helen Forbes in her novel, **It's a Way They Have in the Army** (6s.). But it agrees so well in its general features with other pictures of our army in India that it is unfortunately impossible for us to question its fidelity to the facts. It is a clever and lively story, in which many familiar types are drawn with unusual clearness and insight. The author will offend many—we hope, most—readers by the very obvious references to actual characters. The taste of at least one of these is much to be regretted.

Reprints and New Editions.

Experience has proved the use and convenience of the **Waistcoat Pocket Edition of Shakespeare's Works** (1s. net, each), published by Messrs. Anthony Treherne and Company. "Julius Cæsar," "Love's Labours Lost," and "Two Gentlemen of Verona" are the new volumes which have reached us, and the pretty little green leather books which can, actually, be carried in the waistcoat pocket, are printed in such bold, clear type that they are by no means mere toys or curiosities, but a boon to travellers or invalids who have a fancy for reading their Shakespeare over again.

In a series of dainty and happily thought out booklets Messrs. Hills and Company have provided welcome gifts for many seasons. A **Nelson** booklet, containing poems by Campbell, Barry Cornwall, and others, a facsimile of Nelson's last letter, and photogravure plates of Nelson, his battles and his ships, is particularly appropriate just now, and forms a capital memento of this Nelson year. Other booklets are **With Constable in East Anglia,** giving photogravure reproductions after Constable's pictures, with kindred poems. **The World Went Very Well Then,** with various plates representing the olden times, with poems in keeping. Again, there is a pretty collection of little plates representing childhood. It is called **Mother's Book,** with suitable verses. Comic booklets, or booklets for any time from midsummer to Christmas, can be selected from this wide range of subjects. The publishers are to be congratulated on the excellent finish of the work.

New Books of the Month.

MAY 10TH TO JUNE 10TH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

"AMOS."—Truth about Religion, 1s., 1s. 6d. ... (Sampson Low)

BALMFORTH, RAMSDEN.—The New Testament. In the Light of the Higher Criticism. 3s. 6d. (Sonnenschein)

Mr. Balmforth brings to his work the quality which he urges as a necessary part of the higher criticism—that of charity. His new volume does for the New Testament what his former volume did for the Old Testament; he points out in an interesting and truly religious spirit the results of investigation, the meaning of it, and the good which may be gained from it.

BARRETT, GEORGE S., D.D.—The Whole Armour of God. (Thomas Law, Memorial Hall)

The armour of God is detailed in a series of chapters, and plain, practical lessons are taught enforcing the meaning and the wisdom of the Scriptures and their lasting applicability to man's character and needs. The volume is one of the helpful and suggestive Little Books on the Devout Life.

BEET, WILLIAM ERNEST, M.A.—The Transfiguration of Jesus, 2s. 6d. ..... (C. H. Kelly)

CARSON, THOMAS G.—Man's Responsibility, 3s. net (Putnams)

COIT, STANTON.—The Moral Significance of Religious Revivals, 1d. ..... (Watts and Co.)

Daily Message from Many Minds. Thoughts for the Quiet Hour from Various Authors. 2s. 6d. net ... (H. R. Allenson)

A particularly well-chosen day-book of beautiful verses and prose passages. The selection is unusually varied and unhackneyed, and ranges from cheery practical encouragement to high ideals.

DOLE, CHARLES F.—The Religion of a Gentleman, 3s. 6d. (H. R. Allenson)

HARRIS, CHARLES, B.D.—Pro Fide. A Defence of Natural and Revealed Religion. 10s. 6d. net ..... (John Murray)

HERNE, FRANK S.—How the Bible Came to Us, 1s. net (Sunday School Union)

The history, the romance one may say, of the Bible, is brought together in this readable little volume. It is written in what we have come to know as the "popular" style; it tells of all the various versions and their vicissitudes—the Tyndale, the Coverdale, the Geneva Bibles, and others—and makes good reading, whether approached for its interest or its detailed information.

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